



Presented
to
The Library
of
University College
University of Toronto
by
Professor Alfred Baker
January 15, 1941

ADA REIS,

A TALE.

[written 1823]

BY LADY CAROLINE LAMB.

Τοιαῦτα μὲν περὶ τούτων ἔπαιζεν, ἅμα σπουδάζων.
Xenophon. *Memorabilia*, lib. i. cap. iii. s. 7.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

PARIS:
PUBLISHED BY A. AND W. GALIGNANI,
AT THE FRENCH, ENGLISH, ITALIAN, GERMAN AND SPANISH LIBRARY,
N°. 18, RUE VIVIENNE.

1824.

DEDICATION.

TO

LYDIA WHITE.

To you, who, without paying undue deference to what is termed the world, have succeeded in retaining around you, even when sickness has rendered you incapable of exertion, many who are distinguished by superiority of intellect and literary talents, to you I venture to dedicate these pages; not that I think them worth your acceptance, but that I wish to prove my grateful recollection of your kindness to me in the time of affliction, and also the admiration I feel for the courage and patience you have ever manifested under all the irritating circumstances which necessarily attend a protracted illness. To cultivate your own understanding, to consult the feelings, and to promote the happiness of others, have ever been the principal objects of your life. The consequence is, that, even at this moment, when malady presses heavily upon you, when amusement would naturally be looked for in other

circles, your society is eagerly sought by those anxious and affectionate friends, who find their pleasure in the enjoyment of your conversation, and in the contemplation of your fortitude and magnanimity. Though I scarcely venture to add my name to the list, I cannot refrain from expressing the interest I feel for you, and my respect for the high qualities which you possess and exert. If a tale, but lightly written, amuse you even for a moment, I am satisfied; and when you have read it, you will know the meaning of what I add,—"may Zevahir be ever with you!"

Your grateful and
affectionate friend,

THE AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTION.

Nil spernat auris, nec tamen credat statim.

According to the doctrine of Manes, there are two principles from which all things proceed, and by which all things are governed: the one is a pure and subtle essence, called Light; and the other is a corrupt substance, called Darkness. Each of these is subject to a superintending Being, whose existence has been from all eternity. The ruler of light is supremely happy, benevolent, and good; the Prince of darkness is miserable himself, and desirous of rendering others miserable.

These two Beings are said to have pro-

duced an innumerable multitude of creatures. The offspring of Light are all beautiful and intelligent; whilst the children of Darkness are in every respect the reverse.

The following history was written probably with the intention of exemplifying the dangerous power of the evil agent, if his influence be once admitted: all violence of feeling, pride, vanity, love itself, if not kept within due subordination, lead to his abode. These two principles, and their emissaries, are permitted in this fable, as they are in the Legend of Faust, and in many other works of fancy, to approach the children of the earth in human shape, and to endeavour, by every art, to draw them into their power. The precepts, both of the good and of the evil spirit, are originally planted in the human breast; and if the evil agent appear the more dexterous assailant, and to meet with

the greater success, it is that the good principle is less suspicious than his opponent, and leaves his followers to the guardianship of Innocence in a probationary world of difficulty, allurement, and temptation. It is to be remarked, that in this fable the good spirit, in the beautiful and youthful form of a boy, hovers around his charge, and continues a favourite until passion awakens in her breast; her violence then drives him from her, whilst the tempter, by encouraging her errors, endeavours to obtain her for his own.

The moral of the tale appears to be, that he, who remains amidst the busy scenes of life, himself without employment, is in constant danger of becoming the prey of wicked feelings and corrupt passions; for as use preserves iron from rust, so labour and exertion purify and invigorate the soul.

There is beauty in this fable—there is excellence in its moral: but he who attempts to relate it is unskilled even in the common rules of composition, and fears he shall not do his subject justice. No friend ever requested me to write; no flatterer, no admirer seeks my door: I have been struck too, in the midst of my undertaking, by affliction; and neither my mind nor my frame are equal to the task proposed. The beast of prey, when weary and wounded, retires to his lair and effaces even the track which leads to his retreat; but he retires growling, and at enmity with every thing around him. I, too, have left the world, yet my heart is with those I have left. My fellow-creatures are the objects of my unceasing interest, sympathy, and affection. I write, then, in the hope of pleasing them. I write also for myself; it is society to me; it is a link which

yet binds me, for one moment at least, to those who are journeying on the same road with myself, and to the same end. To those who, like myself, in this busy scene, live and enjoy life as it passes by, taking its goods and ills, its ups and downs, as they occur, not indeed with indifference, but with resignation, remembering how soon it must end, catching at its brilliant appearances, or gazing upon its beautiful varieties, with the mournful, but endearing certainty, that it is for the last time, even as they pass, that they behold them. From my solitude I can contemplate the actions of others, and join in their passions, interests, and afflictions, with a deeper, although a calmer, feeling than when mingling with the crowd.

For it is when alone, that the heart can appreciate the pleasures of friendship; can feel how, by neglect or error, it has chilled

and sent far from it all that made life delightful. It is when alone, that the beauties of nature—the loveliness of virtue—the goodness and beneficence of God—burst upon the mind; and our own faults, in all their sad realities, appear before us. The only communication the wretch, who has exiled himself from the world, or is sent from it, holds with his fellow-creatures, is by books: with what delight he reads over the thoughts of others! how he admires the excellencies of their works! how he forgives their blemishes, even if he perceives them! if he occasionally receive a guest, with what a warmth of heart he greets and hears him! for solitude, while it calms the mind, strengthens the feelings and the affections. Yet after all, it must still be continually felt, that it never was intended to be the condition of man—he is not generally fitted for it; it is only, therefore, when

a human being finds himself unable to submit his mind to the guidance of reason, when the occurrences of life grieve and perplex, or please and attract him more than is meet, that it is wise to retire from society, and view from a distance those scenes in which he finds himself unfitted to engage.

Should those, who are of a temperament thus painfully susceptible, remain amidst the ordinary commerce of the world, all around them will continually play upon and harass their feelings, without, perchance, intending it. The rude and the thoughtless may work upon the passions without comprehending their force or their extent: they may break the heart without malice or design. Let us then spare both others and ourselves; let us cease to run the hazard of continued suffering, nor obtrude our imperfections upon our fellow-creatures. It is time to wean our-

selves from society, when we feel that we can no longer contribute any thing to its amusement; that, though we have not lost the feelings of benevolence, we have lost that congeniality of disposition which alone can render us agreeable to the world. Let us abstain from borrowing, when we know our circumstances to be such as disable us from repaying. When the experience of years has convinced us, that such is the settled habit of our mind, we have surely received, both from time and from reason, an admonition sufficient to induce us to withdraw—

> Walk sober off, before a sprightlier age
> Come tittering on and shove us from the stage;
> Leave those to trifle with more grace and ease,
> Whom folly pleases, and whose follies please.

Ada Reis, the once-famous Corsair, the merchant, the traveller, the Don Juan of his

day, wrote his life, and left it as a legacy to his successors. His treasures he buried, his slaves he strangled, his wives he suffocated, but this MS. he left for the benefit of mankind; I have not translated the part which related to his amours, not the confession of his crimes, not the catalogue of his wise sayings, but the simple narrative of what occurred to himself and to his daughter, that those who read may place the awful record in their hearts and learn to worship God, and to be humble in themselves.—Yet need this lesson be taught by Ada Reis?—Is it not impressed upon every object? Is it not the sole certain discovery of all our travels, and the termination of all our undertakings. Like Humboldt,[1] should we traverse the vast Savannahs, or climb mid-way up the Andes, till our breath cease and our brain grow giddy; like Park,[2] should we perish in following

the course of the Niger; or sail through rough seas, and mountains of ice, to pass the dark and dreary winter with the white bears and the Arctic wolves: still the greatness and goodness of the Creator is manifest in every thing. Man has no reason to be proud. Napoleon, having conquered the most powerful nations of the civilized world, was left to die a prisoner upon a barren rock; and Belzoni, having with difficulty opened a temple, the wonder and pride of man, perchance the sepulchre of kings, found in it a loathsome toad, its sole proprietor.—Alas! man has little cause to be proud. If ambition impel him to exertion, let him note its end; if learning attract him, he may

> "Drudge, like Selden, days and nights,
> And in the endless labour die."

If beauty—if love allure him, let him remember the founder of La Trappe; raise,

like him, the funeral pall, see what youth and beauty will be in one little hour, and, like Armand de Rancey, divest himself of such illusions, turn to a monastery, and dote no more. But to return to my tale.

The sun had set, and the stars were seen reflected in the vapour of the vast desert, as if it had been in the bosom of a lake. Thousands of years had caused that black dye with which the rocks and the beds of the waters of the Oronooko are deeply tinged:[3] in this solitude, where the great river, with its frothy boiling waters, seemed to have burst through the thick uninhabited woods and huge masses of granite, Religion, in these latter days, had consecrated one single spot, where, with the trunks of palm-trees and bananas, far above the plain upon a jutting rock, a small chapel had been built, as it is said, by the Jesuits. The natives affirm,

that a female, who was a child of the Sun, had come there in a pirogue [4] from the Rio Negro, and had remained there until the day of her death. Many years had not changed the beauty and serenity of her countenance; many years of solitude and labour had but little impaired the vigour of her mind: severe austerities, bad food, and little sleep, had taken from the outward form some of its lustre and freshness, but the countenance, the smile, the vigorous mind still remained, —she had repented of errors—perhaps of crimes; like the golden serpent with the bell, [5] she had thrown off the outward skin and the renewed one was fraught with beauty: —she had severed herself, it seemed, from every earthly tie; she had fixed her hopes in heaven; she might be said in that wide desert to exist alone in order to pray, repent, and succour the unfortunate. Like a pitying

saint, she descended from her solitude, when called upon by the voice of lamentation; and she, who was now invulnerable to the incitements of worldly vanity, passion, and interest, was more open than ever to those of humanity. She attended the death-bed of the friendless: from plants she extracted food and opiates, to soothe the pain and sickness of the poor Indians; she wept with the afflicted, and prayed by the couch of the dying sinner.

In this manner she passed her days, until she grew so old and infirm, that her senses and limbs began to fail her; she was afraid heaven had forgotten her, and that death would never release her. There was a Greek air she much wished to hear again, for she had heard it in her youth; but her memory now was almost gone, her eyes were dim, and her voice was feeble. One evening the remembrance of that song returned;[6] it came

to her, she said, in a dream, just as she had heard it heretofore;—she sung it, and her voice was sweet and full; that very evening she died.—A Bible was in her cell, the calm of faith was still upon her countenance. She was buried by Jesuits at the foot of that lonely chapel where this MS. was found; it is part in the Arabic, part in the Spanish, and part in the Inga tongue. This history is undoubtedly that of the fair stranger, and of her father; for the name of Ada Reis and Fiormonda are inscribed upon the stone of rough granite, which has been rolled down upon her grave, as an index of the spot in which by Christian hands she was interred. She died herself a Christian:—yet the manzanillo [7] grows upon her grave; no herb, no creeping thing, not even the wild beast can live within the circle of its poisonous influence: it rears its proud head higher than

other trees, as if reaching to the skies, and its tempting fruit hangs upon its branches, alluring the passing traveller; but nature in the meanwhile seems to warn the most ignorant, by the loneliness of its vicinity, that to approach it is dangerous, and to eat of it is death.



ADA REIS.

CHAPTER I.

Ada Reis appears to have been one of those daring characters which human nature produces now and then; one of those men who awe and overpower all the feeble and many of the stronger minded, by the success of their enterprises; and who at last satisfy and silence reproach and indignation by the suddenness of their fall and the greatness of their punishment. In the history which he gives of himself, he dwells long upon the little peculiarities of his boyish feelings, whilst he mentions but briefly his birth and early adventures. The account is, that he was a Georgian;—that he was sold by his parents for a trifling sum; that when he parted from her, a jewelled ring was tied into his cap by

his mother, to save him from the power of witchcraft; and that, after a variety of narrow escapes, he fell into the hands of one Adamo Remolo, a Genoese merchant, who gave him the best education he could afford, placed him in an academy at Pisa, and, when he died, bequeathed him a small property and his name.

From Pisa, the young Adamo, after a long series of adventures, was taken to be page of honour to the grand duke of Tuscany, at whose court he soon distinguished himself by feats of early prowess, and a most untameable spirit. His violent temper, his extraordinary talents, his surprising beauty, and fearless disposition, soon gained him a sufficient number both of friends and enemies. He was flattered by the women, commended by princes, feared by dependents, and trampled upon by superiors. In this school he became cunning and corrupt enough for a court: but, in order to succeed in palaces, caution, reserve, submission, dissimulation, are also necessary; and for these he was utterly unfitted by the violence and impetuosity of his dispo-

sition. The consequence of repeated error was his final dismissal.

Stung to the heart and enraged, instead of entering the army, according to the orders he had received, he escaped, and hired himself to a merchant bound to Spain. His imagination had been excited, by reading the histories of Corsairs and of their exploits; he ardently desired a life of peril and adventure, his turbulent spirit ill enduring any species of confinement; and, young as he then was, he appeared already to have studied and to have detested European manners. In this part of his narration we meet with vehement censures of kings and men in power (censures ever loudest from the mouths of those who are themselves the most tyrannical); appeals to established laws, and invocations of national justice; both very incongruous, when proceeding from Ada Reis,—he who knew neither how to submit himself to the one, nor to act according to the other.

Omitting these and other reflections, we hasten on to the period of his embarkation, at which he tells us that, for the first time in

his short life, he felt himself independent. Gazing upon the ocean, he knelt down in transport, and solemnly vowed to devote himself entirely to that element. From that hour he became indefatigable in the pursuit of what he calls glory and gain. From the merchant ship he entered an Algerine galley, on board of which he served above a year; but the Algerine Reis, or captain, broke his engagement with him, and treated him with contumely: he resolved to be revenged. He had gained, by his talents and courage, the affections of the crew: he seized his opportunity, murdered his enemy, declared himself a convert to the religion of Mahomet, and, with the assistance of the second in command, gave every order, and assumed the title as well as the authority of Reis.[8]

He fought many well-contested battles, and visited many countries, where his spirit of defiance, and thirst for novelty, continually led him into some desperate and perilous adventure. He was once made prisoner and carried into Spain, where he fell deeply in love with a lady of rank, by whose favour he

was liberated; and after again meeting with much of strange and marvellous fortune, he finally settled at Tripoly, in the twentieth year of his age. He there paid court successfully to the Reis of the Pasha's fleet, and by his means obtained much power and many privileges. The light of true religion once, he confesses, had dawned upon his mind, but he now gave himself up entirely to infidelity, and its usual concomitant,—idle superstition and a blind belief in wizards and sorcerers. The sacred rites of christianity became the subject of his derision; and though, in fact, he believed as little in Mahomet, he had the policy to disguise his incredulity, and never publicly to offend the opinions of the people of the country amongst whom at any period he resided.

At length the Pasha[9] of Tripoly, having heard much of his courage, himself sent for him, and intrusted him with a secret commission, which he executed so speedily and successfully as to gain considerable credit and influence with that prince. It was even rumoured that one of the Pasha's daughters

would be given to him in marriage. However this might be, he was placed in a very high situation near the Bey, [10] as his own particular Reis. That title too was confirmed to him, and he was treated with every mark of favour and respect.

Ada Reis, as he was now commonly called, was of a commanding stature: he had a vigorous mind, at times even rising to the sublime; but he was fond of low company and buffoonery, and in particular of making bad jests and telling long stories. His passions, ungovernable beyond all control, betrayed him to the very verge of madness: he was stubborn as well as violent; he could bear the most acute pain, and intense fatigue, with the passive endurance of an Indian. He spoke the Turkish and Greek languages like a native, and, from having occasionally accompanied the Bedouins across their deserts, he acquired their dialect.

He visited Mecca in company with two of the caravans from Morocco. He was once overtaken by a dreadful storm, on his passage from Constantinople, with some Greek slaves for his

master the Bey, on which occasion, had it not been for his extraordinary skill and courage, the vessel and crew must have perished. But that which gained him the highest estimation amongst the Tripolitans was the bravery and cunning with which he opposed the Arabs, who were making formidable incursions on their territories. Yet in despite of these successes, nor ladies' love nor a monarch's favour could detain him long on shore. His delight was in active pursuits and rash adventures; and these he was sure to meet with whilst cruizing about with his fearless crew: then would he exult, whilst sailing on the beautiful Mediterranean, and, throwing aside his pipe and perfumes, sing with his merry followers, and laugh triumphantly, as his swift vessel glided amongst the Islands of the Archipelago. He would drink, too, and that with such intemperance, that many, afraid of its injuring his health, or inflaming his already furious passions, besought him to refrain; but, deriding their counsels, and mocking at their fears, "Not drink!" he cried, "by Allah, or by Mahomet,

or by all the holy saints of Christendom, wine and spirits are the soul of life!" And early he had learned to quaff the intoxicating draught, which opened every cell where fancy slept, puttting to flight each sluggish and dormant thought, and adding light and fire to those that remained.

Gaily and prosperously passed the first years of his youth, till ambition, overcoming the love of pleasure, possessed itself entirely of his mind, and he became acquainted with a man as wicked and as desperate as himself. In the morning early, and in the evening late, he had continually observed a Jew passing before the Reis of the Marine's house looking long and fixedly upon the sea, as if expecting the return of some vessel. He inquired of many the name and business of this man, and their answer was always, "It is Kabkarra, the Jew."

"And who is Kabkarra?"

"He who has sold himself to Zubanyànn, the son of the famous Shaffou Paca, who came from Egypt to take care of the Pasha's harem, [11] and who now lives with Lilla Amani." [12]

"And who is Zubanyànn?"

"He is the evil spirit who is seen in the desert, and often destroys the weary traveller."

This account Ada Reis received from the gaping multitude, and, wild and absurd as it appeared, it still gave him a desire to become acquainted with this mysterious individual.

CHAPTER II.

A GREAT rivalship and contention existed at this time among the merchants at Tripoly, in the sale of certain pearls of a particular size and colour, which were in the greatest request, and highly valued at some of the African and Asiatic courts. Two of the Moorish merchants being aware that Kabkarra alone possessed any quantity of these pearls, proposed to Ada Reis to assist them in obtaining them from him. Kabkarra had refused many, but it was thought he would not refuse the insinuating and all-powerful Ada Reis, who upon being asked by Muley Hadgi and Yusuph Seid, the two merchants in question, if he would risk a part of his property in this entreprise, "Not a part," he replied,—"the whole; for in whatever Ada Reis takes an interest, he considers his life and fortune as of no account, and this ensures his success." Kabkarra had besides these pearls, in his possession a famous sabre, a Damascus blade, [13] said to have be-

longed to Melchior, one of the three Magi Kings: this also was to Ada Reis an object of the most intense desire; but upon inquiry, it was discovered that Kabkarra had just departed with the caravan for Egypt. It was not, however, in Ada Reis's character either to abandon or to postpone the execution of his intentions; and therefore, in the hope of either overtaking him or meeting him on his return, he made hasty preparations for his journey, and set forth with the two merchants upon this expedition. Their provisions were scanty, and soon exhausted; the weather was intensely hot, and for many days they traversed the burning sands with no other refreshment than a bag of meal and some water in their girbas, whilst at night they were pierced by insufferable cold. [14] Muley Hadgi and Yusuph Seid, who were neither gifted with courage nor fortitude, immediately insisted upon returning, observing that the pearls and sabre would be of no avail, if their lives were lost, which must be the consequence of this unexpected detention of the caravan, and tedious sojourning in the desert; but Ada Reis

laughed at their fears, and showed them, by his own example, how to bear privation and danger without a murmur, observing that now it were as well, in fact, for them to proceed as to return.

They shortly after met with a pilgrim who had been wounded, and who informed them that a horde of Arabs having fallen in with them, had, after a severe contest, pillaged and put to flight Jews, Christians, Mussulmen, and Pagans; many were left dead or mortally wounded, others had returned, and some had been utterly lost in the deserts. The sands were strewed with the booty which had fallen from the grasp of the plunderers, and the merchants found bags of gold-dust [15] and other treasures, as they pursued their way. As it grew dark, Muley Hadgi and Yusuph Seid reiterated their urgent entreaties to Ada Reis that he would return. An evil spirit, however, had taken possession of his heart, and he resolved to murder his two aged companions, and pursue his course alone. He seized the opportunity whilst they slept, and, having slain them, possessed himself of their

camels, and the treasures which they had with them. The horrid deed was no sooner done than he looked fearfully round, and beheld, to his amazement, on the boundless desert before him, one human being who had witnessed his cruelty, and who now appeared watching him with immovable calmness, enveloped in a dark heiram : he was armed with a long match-musket, the weapon of the wandering tribe to which he appeared to belong;[16] he wore a belt inscribed with Arabic characters: his air was noble and haughty, his figure above the middle size, his features were perfectly regular and strongly marked, his complexion nearly black. "Who are you?" at length said Ada Reis.

"I am," replied the stranger, "a sovereign of the desert, and I know you, and the deed you have done."

"Whence come you?" rejoined Ada Reis, undauntedly.

"Like the bird of passage," said the Arab, mournfully, "I have no settled habitation : sometimes, like the gazelle, I roam the plain

of the desert; sometimes, like the eagle, I make my nest upon the summit of the mountain."

"You are not an Arab sheik,[17]" said Ada Reis, looking steadfastly at him. "The arms you bear, your belted girdle,[18] and that dark heiram, cannot disguise you from me; you are a Jew, the Jew I am in search of. By the prophet, you are Kabkarra!"

"Sayest thou so?" retorted the stranger, and laughed.

Ada Reis prepared to strike his yattagan into the heart of the Jew, for he feared him. The stranger moved not; but the blunted weapon struck as upon a breast-plate of iron, and Ada Reis, confounded, threw himself upon his face at his feet, saying, "I am lost!"

"Arise!" said the stranger, "fear me not. I am the Jew, who, by distant travelling, and a courage like your own, have possessed myself of hard-earned wealth. I know a place, not sixteen fathoms deep in the sea, where pearls grow bigger than the eider's egg. I have in my pay many slaves, who bring me gold-dust in abundance. We have been at-

tacked and plundered, but seeing the danger, I joined the enemy, and having seized upon this habit, was in quest of assistance. I wear triple-steel upon my breast, on my back, and round my throat a collar, which once resisted the Hamper's shawl.[19] I am rich and powerful; but, alas! Ada Reis, what are all the riches of the earth without a friend? You are well known to me; we are both in the prime of youth; the world lies before us; swear upon this sword the Arab's oath,—swear that treachery shall never enter your mind or heart; let us henceforward be united." Saying which, the stranger opened a sack, and displayed the pearls of which Ada Reis had heard so much.

But Ada Reis only begged to have the sabre, at which the Jew smiled, and, drawing it from a plain scabbard, the air was scented by the perfume of the blade; and the mystic device of the Magi King, beautifully and curiously engraved, excited his utmost admiration. Ada Reis eagerly accepted it; the Jew gracefully presented it, bidding him not only retain the sword, but in future adopt the sigil of the King of the East as his own; after

which he conversed upon a variety of subjects with the grace and ease of one bred in the most polished courts, so as entirely to win the heart of his companion. They then returned to the camels, and proceeded upon their lonely journey. In replacing the baggage upon the animals, Ada Reis shrunk back on touching the stiff cold hand of Muley Hadgi; at this Kabkarra laughed.

The following day, as they were slowly proceeding on their way to Tripoly, they were joined by several of the dispersed travellers of the caravan. The sky, clear till now, became dark and heavy; the sun appeared to lose its splendour, and assume a violet colour; the atmosphere became thick, and filled with dust; the beasts could scarcely breathe from the excessive heat; Ada Reis felt unable to support himself; the Jew alone seemed not to heed the coming storm. As gasping and faint the travellers and the camels proceeded, not a leaf, not a tree, was to be seen; no shelter near for thirty miles; one burning waste of endless sand met the eye; not a drop of water, but what they had with them, could be pro-

cured. When the wind rose, the sands flew like the waves and spray of the foaming ocean, and enveloped them: it was then that, with a laugh and a yell, Kabkarra destroyed, one by one, the wretched beings who were dragging along a part of their property, and desiring Ada Reis to assist him, placed what booty appeared most valuable on their own camel. They then slew the rest of these animals, in order to procure the water they contained, and, mounted upon the only survivor, reached a Moorish hut, drank of the lakaby[20] presented to them, and ate of the plain fare offered to them, with rapturous delight.

After all these horrors Ada Reis fell asleep upon the mat prepared for him, nor awakened till the ensuing morning, when opening his eyes he found his companion was gone. The sabre he had left, with some of the most valuable of the pearls, and a paper written in the Arabic tongue, which said, "Farewell! beloved: we shall meet again. Remember the Jew Kabkarra. Continue thy course: a monarch's crown awaits thee, in a land where diamonds and emeralds shall be strewn un-

der thy feet, and where the blood of the innocent may flow, without fear of revenge."

Ada Reis was alarmed, and yet delighted by this epistle; the vainest hopes of ambition filled his mind. He returned, however, to Tripoly, and thought more of the promise made to him than of the wicked deeds he had done. In the space of a month after these events, he was offered the place of the Great Chiah,[21] the late Chiah being dead. This is one of the highest and most powerful offices of the state, and for that very reason the most envied and suspected, so that it was more than probable the successor to it would be strangled or poisoned, as the last had been. Ada Reis most earnestly besought that he might be permitted to decline the honour intended him: and after presenting some of the pearls he had obtained to the Pasha, with considerable difficulty he gained his reluctant consent, that he should depart, with other merchants, who were going to Constantinople.

He asked for no favours, no letters—freedom was all he desired; and he boasted that

he was prouder of the title of Reis than of any other whatever, because he had laboured for it, and won it by his own energy. To impose upon the ignorant, he claimed kindred with princes and kings, nay, with the sun itself; but in fact he was proud of his low origin, and of having risen to the highest dignities by his own exertions. When he spoke his real sentiments, he boasted that he owed nothing to man, not even to his parents, who, after bringing him into the world, had abandoned and sold him. But the orphan, he said, was the child of Providence, the citizen of the world, free and independent; the subject of no law, the follower of no religion, the slave of no custom; and in this vain belief he again set forth in quest of adventures. In the course of a five years' absence, he was again taken prisoner by the Spaniards, and again liberated; after which he visited France, Italy, Constantinople, and finally returned once more, crowned with wealth and success, to Tripoly: yet he returned not this time alone; he brought with him the child Fiormonda.

Previous to his return, when at Constantinople, while standing alone to admire the beautiful and delicious gardens which surround the shores of the Kara Dengis, a wizard appeared to him, and repeated to him the prediction of the Jew: "You shall be king in another land," he said, "and the offspring of your body, the child of blood, shall wear an imperial crown."

Ada Reis, enchanted, and deeply struck with this prediction, with more boldness than ever pursued his course. Wherever he appeared, wealth awaited him; at every court at which he was presented, he was received with admiration: but the attention which was paid to him by others could not be greater than that which he paid to himself; upon that subject he expatiates at the greatest length. He cannot for a moment cease to commend himself; whole pages are filled with descriptions of his person. His clear auburn hair hanging in curls over his fair brow and white neck, his eyes beaming with love, his smile irresistible, his voice most melodious; he had only to speak to persuade,

yet did he ever use but few words. He acknowledges, however, that he delighted in low company, in throwing off all restraint, and in giving unbounded licence to his conversation; confesses more than once that he was a strange compound of every excellence and every vice. But where is the excellence he found in his own character? The bad ever thus deceive themselves; and their desperate crimes assume, in their own eyes alone, an appearance of greatness. Ada Reis, when offended, broke into violence, as if he were mad: his fury then exceeded every thing terrific; his eyes brightened, whilst his dark soul rushed through his lips, and poured itself forth in execrations.

Vanity and vehemence being thus amongst his principal characteristics, it may be expected that his narrative will dwell much upon his successes in love. In fact, for pages together he does nothing but boast of the advances made to him by the fair sex: he speaks at great length of a young English lady, with whom he became acquainted during his short and unwilling stay at Madrid. Alarmed at the

war then breaking out between her country and Spain, she placed herself under his protection, and he undertook to convey her safely to her own country : to use his own words, " Under the snow of the cold climate from which she came, lay concealed the glowing embers of passion;" for if credit is to be given to his relation, the lady died of her love, and was not the only lady who perished by a similar fate. Numerous are the attachments, of which he proceeds to detail the circumstances ; endless the list of names he enumerates—Zoe, Orrellana, Issaline, Aura, Zemyra, Orgylia, Mania, Kala, Drossora, Rhoda, Heliodora, Morosa, Levidolche, Muskatina; but the one alone to whom he soon surrendered his mind and soul was Bianca di Castamela, the mother of the heroine of this tale.

CHAPTER III.

It was in the spring of the year 1729, that Ada Reis having landed in Calabria, in order to dispose of some merchandise, became acquainted with a beautiful young Italian maiden, whose father was, like himself, a merchant, and whose hand had been already promised in marriage to a kinsman of her own. She was then seventeen years of age, the admiration of all who saw her; and she, alas! too soon perceived and returned the interest she had excited in Ada Reis's breast.

The history of unfortunate love, or short or long, or well or ill told, is in substance every where the same. The maiden, after becoming difficulties, yielded to the irresistible Ada Reis: his manly haughty air, his high stature, and superb dress, added to his charms and his costly gifts and polished manners, soon captivated her affections; he, besides, assured her, swearing an oath, which she believed to be a sacred one, that he would return and marry

her; in token of which he gave her his amber beads to keep, and a griffin's claw made of rubies and diamonds, which the Bey had given him from his own turban.

Bianca expressed no regret for her error; she had yielded to her lover's suit, and she was now the mistress of a man, whom all her countrywomen beheld with enthusiastic admiration: they paid her greater court for Ada Reis's sake, and envy itself was silenced in order to flatter him. But the time for his departure drew near, and, finding herself in a situation to excite the suspicions of her parents and relatives, she implored her lover to take her with him to his own country.

"And I will, loveliest girl," he said, bearing her along with him upon the night of his departure to the coast, where his vessel was moored, and the crew were all impatiently waiting for him. "Come with me, if thou darest; for by Allah, I never will abandon my chosen bride!"

It was a fearful sight for these fond lovers, as they yet stood upon the shore, to see the little bark tossed to and fro upon that tremen-

dous sea, the waves foaming and breaking against the rocks, whilst the hoarse sailors and slaves, with their shouts and halloos, seemed to overmatch the storm. It was a quick transition, to turn from the delights and repose of successful love to all the horrors and dangers of such a night; and Bianca, with a woman's charms and frailty, had, it seems, all a woman's fears: she sighed when her lover thus addressed her: "I will bear thee with me, my beloved, if thou hast spirit and courage to be the mate of Ada Reis; and, if not—Ha! dost thou shrink already?"

Bianca trembled, her bosom heaved, as in her dark hair she hid her face and wept, shrinking back. "Not to-night," she cried, timidly. "Ah, go not to-night! My father will pardon us—another time—oh, heavens! —another time, Ada Reis, I will leave all and go with thee."

"And another time, sweet one," said Ada Reis, with a scornful smile, "I will return and make thee my bride."

Bianca cast her eyes down with shame at this reproach. Ada Reis embraced her.

"Thou hast not courage," he said, "to come with me, have it then to live for me, and I will return." Saying this, he sprang into the boat, whilst cheers from his merry crew echoed along the shore.

Bianca knelt down, praying for his safety; straining her eyes to see him once more. She remained upon the spot until the vessel became as a single speck in the distance: she then returned home to all the discomforts of family surmises, her own heart's reproaches, and a long widowhood of absence from her lover.

One month passed thus, and the beautiful Bianca began to repent of her conduct: at such a moment, dreading her father's anger, and persecuted by the continued addresses of her kinsman, Giulliano, she had the weakness to give him her hand in marriage; and Giulliano's love for her was such, that, upon her sacred promise never again to see her seducer, he received her into his house, and, from the day she became a mother, cherished her infant as if it had been his own.

Two years passed for Bianca and Giulliano

in peace; a third was opening upon their view, when Ada Reis returned, and having sought for her, traced her to her dwelling, where he found her with her child amusing herself innocently during her husband's absence: he first snatched up the child, and gazed upon it wildly, then reproached the mother with her infidelity.

"I have been deceived," she cried, "and thought you had abandoned me to shame. By the gray hairs of my father, by our first vows of attachment, by your cherub infant's smile —see, Ada Reis, is not Fiormonda your child? —oh, in pity I implore you, show me mercy! I never loved but you."

"And you never shall!" he said.

At half an hour after ten at night, five hours and three-quarters before the full of the moon, Ada Reis first strangled, and then plunged his scimitar into the bosom of Bianca de Castamela; then enveloping the child in his mantle, he fled from the spot.

As he hurried to regain the shore, it appeared to him that a form, horrid as the deed he had done, walked before him. He seemed

to see an eye of fire, as through a misty cloud; and when he thrice exclaimed, "Who goes there?" the word "Kabkarra" was distinctly pronounced. Remorse rendered Ada Reis, at this moment, almost insensible even to this prodigy. His heart was torn by the recollection of the deed he had done, for he loved the woman whom he had murdered. He wept —he had often been seen to weep; hard hearts and wicked beings weep the soonest. The uncontrolled passions, the hasty impulses, the ungovernable desires, which hurry a man to every atrocity, are also prone to melt into floods of tears, and to wear every outward mark of sympathy and feeling; real, perhaps, whilst they last, but transient, fallacious, and without beneficial effect upon the heart or the conduct. When on board his vessel, with the first dawn of day the infant awoke, and stretched out its little arms, as if seeking for its mother; then again he shed tears of bitterness, but he soothed the child's cries, kissed it to rest, and smiled at its beauty. "And never more," he cried, "thou little flower, shalt thou see the stem upon which

those beauties grew. Farewell to Calabria, farewell to women and to love, and farewell, dearest of all, to the remains of Bianca di Castamela! For her sake, I will bring thee up with more than a mother's care; and as nature has given thee thy mother's charms, it shall be my fault if thou art deficient in wisdom or acquirement."

After this adventure, he returned to Tripoly, for there his treasures were concealed, there he had purchased land, had made friends, and was not abhorred, although his crimes were in part suspected.

CHAPTER IV.

Ada Reis presented many jewels of great value and rich merchandises to the Pasha. He then, with his permission, purchased a country-house, provided with baths, gardens, and every possible earthly delight. In this retreat he placed his treasures, his harem, and his infant, under the charge of Aura and Zoe, once his favourite wives. For himself, he sought, in the indulgence of his passions, for one moment's forgetfulness and tranquillity; he possessed every thing he most desired; and he said to himself continually, "Who in the wide world is greater, or ought to be happier, than I am? Who can boast of firmer nerves, higher spirits, fairer expectations, or more admiring followers? Does not my child smile upon me, like a little cherub of light? Who has greater power and wealth than I have? What eastern queen can boast of richer jewels than I shall bestow upon Fiormonda; and for steeds and slaves, has the

Pasha finer or more numerous than myself; yet in the midst of my success and my splendor I am miserable, and wherefore?"

Under the influence of these feelings, he was unable ever to rest long in the same place. From the city he hurried to his residence in the country, and from thence to the city again with feverish disquietude and impatience. The only hours that he appeared to enjoy were those during which he remained upon his terrace to inhale the inbat,[22] after a parching day; or when in the calm of the night a visitor chanced to enter and partake of his pipe and sherbet,[23] or his favourite lackaby. But deep cares overpowered his mind when alone, and the least noise startled him with strange apprehensions. Often the remembrance of past deeds awakened in his soul, and he thought of the days he had passed in the desert, and the dreadful night when Muley Hadgi and Usuph Seid had perished by his hand; then memory pictured to him the promises of love, his jealous rage, and the form of his murdered mistress. Ada Reis was superstitious, because he had long ceased to be

religious. When the marabut[24] sounded to announce the prayer at sunset, he never prostrated himself upon the ground; he never turned his face to the east, nor breathed to his prophet, or his Creator, one single thanksgiving. Into mosque or place of worship he seldom went, and he commanded that Fiormonda should be kept in ignorance of every religious rite. Nor did he watch with eager impatience and parched lips for the moon of Ramadan,[25] but himself, his child, and his servants, in secret, ate and drank during the sacred fast, regardless of the commands of shrief or prophet; and, when the castle guns and those of all the batteries announced the feast of Beirâm, [26] he would walk out by night amidst the noise and roar and riot which took place during that festival. Then would he gaze upon the bright glare of the illuminated mosques—enter the coffee-bazaars, and join in the revelry with dancers and singers, and the lowest slaves, giving vent to his licentious humour, and passing his time amidst the turmoil and carousals of the vilest of mankind. Was this happiness? No! He felt that it was

not; he found, what all who run the same course, sooner or later must find, that he who yields up his understanding to the allurements of vice, submits himself to the dominion of an hypocritical and deceitful mistress, of one who clothes herself in an assumed character, and who, when she drops the mask of brilliant beauty, which for a time she wears, discovers herself to be pain and sorrow under the semblance of pleasure and gratification.

CHAPTER V.

At length, as is the ordinary course, these pursuits began to lose even their temporary power; they could no longer withdraw Ada Reis's mind from the reflection which he dreaded; and, satiated with debauchery and buffoonery, he had recourse to study. Possessing that comprehensive genius which can, in a moment, seize upon and master the difficulties of science, he became acquainted with many of the wonders and mysteries of nature; but he traced back the clue to no origin higher than this life; and in all that excited his admiration, he marked not the hand of a Creator. He assembled around him the learned and the travelled, and he listened to their discourse; but he found their wisdom degraded by envy, vanity, a desire of petty distinctions, a pedantry, and a love of display; and he soon became weary of their society.

In the meanwhile Fiormonda was left at his country-house, where she grew in years and

beauty;—she added to the gaiety and grace of childhood a depth of thought and feeling uncommon to that age. Most children think deeply, if left to themselves, if leisure be allowed to the mind to expand, and a succession of lessons and trifles follow not each other too rapidly; but Fiormonda had even a greater share of reflection than other children. Thoughts concerning religion already agitated her mind; and love, although the object was, like herself, a child, had already warmed her heart. Ada Reis soon perceived that his daughter's disposition required a firm and skilful discipline: he had long been searching for a person qualified to undertake the office of her preceptress.

At this period a marabut, using the privilege of his calling, terrified her with continual intrusion, came repeatedly even into her chamber, and warned her of approaching danger.

One evening, on returning to his country residence, Ada Reis found him in Fiormonda's apartment: a serpent hung around his neck, and he was dancing his wild and frantic dance.

Ada Reis was beginning to express surprise and anger; but the marabut spinning round, soon betrayed himself by his horrid laugh and malignant eye.

"Ha! Kabkarra!"

"Well met, Ada Reis."

"I know," said the former, "what it is you seek, and I have prepared every thing for you. Shaffou Paca, my mother, you well know, still lives with Lilla Amani; at my request she will leave the Pasha's harem, and take charge of my Fiormonda."

"By the prophet, I think thy impertinence has no bounds—thy Fiormonda! Thou art but a mendicant Jew."

"Ay," said Kabkarra, "but a Jew who can purchase all that the vanity of man can desire. Have you killed more men or women since we parted?"

Ada Reis started, and looked upon him, but his eye could not long endure the stern regard of the being who stood before him. Daunted and confused, he turned the discourse to other matters, and Kabkarra now presented Fiormonda with a set of chessmen, made, as

he said, of metal he had found in his travels, and constructed with such exquisite art that they appeared alive. This bauble, he continued, would amuse his little bride when she grew older; and in the mean time he entreated Ada Reis to consider him as a friend, and to call upon him whenever any difficulty arose.

To the infinite surprise of Ada Reis, Shaffou Paca arrived some days after this interview, bringing a flattering message from the Pasha and his eldest son the Bey, by which the former bestowed upon Fiormonda the title of Lilla, and the latter asked her hand in marriage.

Ada Reis accepted the offer in the name of his child, and sent in return both to the Pasha and Bey splendid presents. It now appeared probable that his ambition would be gratified; and that his daughter would wed a sovereign: for, like most pretended philosophers, he valued above all things the honours which he ever affected to despise. But such is the inconsistency of man; and Ada Reis,

though he talked, at times, like a wise man, ever acted like the veriest of fools.

It has been said, that he was an admirer of beauty. It required, therefore, all his self-command to conquer his excessive repugnance to the new governess's deformed and undignified appearance; so that whilst he was obliged to attend to her discourse, he averted his eyes, that he might not see her hideous countenance. Shaffou Paca was, indeed, ugly beyond all parallel: she was of Egyptian origin; yet her countenance was not of simple Egyptian ugliness, but seemed to exhibit a characteristic mark of every original nation. Her legs appeared to have been put together by mistake; the right one being considerably shorter and thicker than the other. She was corpulent; and her eyes, which saw even more than other eyes can see, never looked in the same direction.[27] She had, besides, the peculiar power, like the cameleon, of fixing the one upon an object while the other turned leisurely round, as if seeking for somewhat else. In her voluble conversation no idea

was distinct. It seemed as if an endless memory, stored with the beginnings and endings of all that ever had been, was running over the heads and hints of what she wished to express. Learning appeared to have overpowered her; she had dabbled in metaphysics until it was hardly possible to understand what she meant, and she was continually misquoting passages in the dead languages. Under these circumstances it is not much to be wondered at that Ada Reis could not bear to converse with her: indeed from the first he had spoken to her with such extreme harshness, that the fright into which he had thrown her increased, to the greatest degree, the confusion of her ideas, and consequently the natural tediousness of her discourse. In his first interview he asked her a few questions concerning education; and as he knew that there is a great deal to be said upon that subject, he was not surprised that she took much time and many words to answer. But though not surprised, he was fatigued; and in order to get rid of her, he sent for the child, and delivered her into her hands; for

it is a common practice to condemn children to the society of those with whom parents cannot endure even for a moment to associate.

Fiormonda fell into hysterics at the first sight of Shaffou Paca; but the governess, no ways disturbed, restored her in a few moments, by certain words and gestures, and soon became a tolerable favourite. She talked to her pupil of the princesses of the Pasha's harem, of the Bey, of Lilla Amani. She gave her sweetmeats and trinkets, and instructed her in the science of chess, displaying to her admiring eyes the beautiful box and the wonderful men her son, the Jew Kabkarra, had given her.

Fiormonda laughed, as she viewed the pieces marshalled before her; but Ada Reis bit his lips, and seemed uneasy, murmuring betwixt his teeth—"I like not this gift, this is no mortal gift, this is enchantment. I have heard or read of such things only in the old legends of fayerie and romance; these imps possibly are alive, and the servants of Kabkarra!"

Shaffou Paca now thought it prudent to put

in a few words, and with a stream of eloquence proved, that it was the mere power of mechanism, which, when the pieces were wound up, put them thus in motion. Still Ada Reis doubted.

When the board was placed upon the floor, it covered a breadth and length of nearly six square feet. The white squares were of polished ivory, the black of jet; the rim around was of gold studded with gems. The casket contained the greatest wonder of all. The chessmen were habited in ruby and emerald suits: the dark knights were upon black steeds, richly caparisoned; their antagonists upon greys; all formed with precision, delicacy, and exquisite art. They could smile, they could move their fingers and feet; the horses pranced, the horsemen showed off their skill. The ecclesiastics moved with dignity. The castles were borne slowly forwards; two were made of rose-coloured diamonds, and two of black: upon the battlements men of small size were discovered, busily preparing for the attack. The kings had brows which bespoke command; the queens were grace-

ful; the pawns, with plebeian rudeness, appeared eager for the combat; and every piece placed itself, as it started from the box, according to order.

Ada Reis, as well as Shaffou Paca, instructed Fiormonda in playing at this scientific game, in which she took surprising delight; indeed, for many months she did little else. The chessmen were removed to a favourite golpha[28] which Ada Reis had constructed, a retreat, which, however intense the heat of the sun, was always cool; it being so contrived, that he could at pleasure press from the reeds fresh air, and raise soft music like that of an Œolian harp. This apartment was placed in a wilderness, it is true, but it was one of sweets, beneath thick orange and lemon groves, where white marble channels, with rapid clear streams of water, crossed the gardens in many directions. Fiormonda veiled was conducted there at times, and from a distance gazed upon the gardens, in which she was now no longer permitted to wander. She was kept with strict care, and closely watched ever since the day when the page Zevahir had

been found conversing with her. The youth, in consequence of this liberty, had been dismissed from the service of Ada Reis; and, indeed, except when her father was with her, this lovely child was confined like a state prisoner, Shaffou Paca scarcely permitting her to breathe the air from without.

CHAPTER VI.

It happened that shortly after the arrival of Shaffou Paca, Ada Reis left his child, and remained away many months, when he heard suddenly that she was ill. He immediately returned to his country residence to see her, and was struck with the air of debility and melancholy visible in her once cheerful countenance; he reasoned with Shaffou Paca as to the cause, and made some observations to that lady upon her system of education, which displeased her.

Whilst they were engaged in dispute, a message was brought, informing Ada Reis that on the ensuing morning the Bey would visit his destined bride. This was not customary; but the honour was so great that no objection was made; and when the young prince arrived, Ada Reis led him into his daughter's apartment.

The chamber was in the form of a tent, entirely lined with blue satin, ornamented

with gold fringe, and costly embroidery. The couch, beautifully adorned according to the Moorish taste, was placed upon a Turkish carpet in an alcove. Shaffou Paca was employed in attiring her little charge in the splendid habits worn only by the ladies of the Pasha's harem, and all Fiormonda's care was how to look beautiful. Hers was a happy mixture of Circassian and Italian beauty, with a countenance original and peculiar to herself. She was dressed in a light Persian jelique [29] and white under vest, her arms bare, white muslin trowsers, and her little feet, like alabaster, ornamented by solid gold bands, such as the ladies of the blood royal are alone entitled to wear. [30] These, and a girdle of charms to save her from evil eyes, [31] were her only ornaments. Her hair, as yet unbraided, hung carelessly around her beautiful neck and face. An old gray Iman was standing near her, prescribing for her ill state of health.

The Bey knelt in admiration at her feet, presenting her, at the same time, with a string of pearls. She raised him immediately; and afterwards waited upon him and upon her fa-

ther, offering them sweetmeats and refreshment: she was not, however, well; her pulse was quick, and her manner hurried, like that of a wild bird caged, or a tender gazelle caught in the net and kept from its herd. The Bey expressed great anxiety upon her account, and the Iman advised Ada Reis that she should be left more at liberty, that the tediousness of her toilette should be shortened, the number of her ablutions diminished, and that she should not be wholly fed upon coffee and sweetmeats; but, above all, he insisted much upon her not being opposed in her desire to walk: for her present languid state, he said was occasioned by heat, pampered luxury, and confinement. Her happiest years seemed condemned to be passed in show and dress. Three times in the twenty-four hours Shaffou Paca attended her to the bath, where Zoe and Aura employed themselves, the one in washing her beautiful ringlets with orange and rose-water, and the other in drying them with scented perfumes: the plaiting them in fifty tresses, and adorning her lovely person with every ornament, would now take several

hours more; besides which, Kabkarra had terrified her with his live serpent and strange contortions, and had given her nearly half the sentences out of the Koran, in a cup mixed with sherbet of pomegranate juice. By Shaffou Paca's superstitious decree, the right eye of a crocodile of the Nile, and the middle feather from an ostrich's wing, were placed under her pillow at night: amulets, charms, Egyptian hieroglyphics, and other incantations, were wound either in scrolls or linen all over her body. She might not walk, she might not play, nor might she stand by the lake calling together from the mountains the troops of wild gazelles, who once came to Zevahir's voice, nor must she hear his soft songs, for, alas! he had been sent from the harem for singing too sweetly the air she most admired. All these complaints the gentle Fiormonda murmured forth to the young prince, whilst the old gray Iman, fixing his dark-shining eyes upon her from a corner of the room, seemed to smile with triumph whilst she spoke. Negresses in the meantime wetted her forehead with their third finger dipped in a charmed liquor, and

uttered spells and prayers to save her from the contagion of those eyes; but it was in vain, they had fixed hers; she felt their power, hung down her head, and durst not raise it up again. Her women were standing near her, some stringing beads for her, and others arranging the feathers of birds in the most beautiful and fanciful order. Looking-glasses, crystal vases, superb chests of mother-of-pearl and ebony, tablets, and golden ornaments, adorned her apartments; loose mattresses and cushions in the form of sofas not five inches removed from the ground served for seats. The Bey had little to say: "If you will leave this house, and come with me," he said, "you shall have no reason to complain."

"Shall I see Zevahir again?"

"Who is Zevahir?" said the Bey.

Shaffou Paca was about to explain, when the Iman frowned, and she was silent.

Coffee was now brought in filigree cups adorned with pearls and rubies; it was strongly scented with mace, cinnamon, and cloves. The Bey took it from his little mistress's hands, and seated her by him whilst he drank

it; he was fifteen years old, and kept in as close a state of confinement as herself. The rank of Bey had been conferred upon him, but he was only now permitted to go out with his troop on account of his extreme youth.

It was natural that after some time the conversation should rather flag, and both the young prince and Fiormonda had nearly arrived at the end of all their remarks, when the old Iman laughed with a hollow laugh, which greatly alarmed them; then turning to Shaffou Paca, "I know the mother of an Arab sheik can cure Fiormonda," he said, "and I will fetch her; her name is Zezel Peer Banyan, an Arab fairy; she lives far hence, but shall be here ere long. Take care of your charge, tease her no more, let her be free as her own thoughts and feelings. Hers are the years when the mind should be left to expand, and the limbs to grow. All this confinement and state make the silly fools we see around us. Let Fiormonda be the child of simple nature. I will return, and teach her to braid her beautiful hair, and to cast her dark-blue eyes, with their long

and jetty fringes, with more art than you can."

The Bey stared, and took his leave: having but few ideas himself, he was surprised at the novelty of this discourse.

"Leila, here is a bird will amuse you; take it, and follow it around your garden and groves," said the Iman; "become, like it, gay and lively. Beauty such as yours, in such a land, is only a fatal dowry; for of what avail are teeth like rows of pearl, limbs straight, long, and light, and all your other fascinations, if that air of melancholy saddens your countenance? Alas! I am not to you what he has been—Kabkarra is not as dear as ——."

Fiormonda coloured, and concealed her beautiful face, and played with the bird, which was as small as the Indian piccaflore,[32] and whose plumes were of an emerald green, with a ruby-coloured ring around the neck: it had until this moment been concealed in the Iman's bosom. Ada Reis had been so intent upon honouring the Bey, and upon seeing all due respect and ceremony observed

towards him, that he had not heeded before, nor did he observe now, the strange conduct of the Iman. He tenderly embraced his child, and then attended upon the Bey; but as they quitted the chamber, he thought he saw the figure of Kabkarra walking out before him.

CHAPTER VII.

As soon as Ada Reis returned, he asked Shaffou Paca if her son had been there. She answered, No. The Iman was gone. Ada Reis then desired that Fiormonda might be left entirely to herself, and freed from all unnecessary restraint and fatigue, whilst he remained with her.

To no prisoner was ever liberty more delightful than to Fiormonda, when escaped from the thraldom of Shaffou Paca. With renewed strength and spirits, she bounded before the black women and nurses, the very moment Ada Reis gave her permission to roam about the garden: "Now, now I am happy," said she, first looking at the jessamine in flower, then gathering a sprig of myrtle, then hastening to a reservoir in which were her gold and silver fish. "I will now go," she said, "and let all the birds in my aviary free." In vain the blacks remonstrated; in a moment the paroquets and cucines, the

pelican, ostrich, and damoiselle, and the one sickly gazelle, whose leg had been broken in attempting to take it alive, were liberated, all rushing forth from their respective places of confinement. "Go," she said, opening their wiry gates, "I have felt too much the misery of slavery not to feel for you; go, with your beautiful plumes, happy birds, and say to those you meet, it was Fiormonda set you free. But as for thee, poor gazelle, with thy brown eyes, stay with me: what though thy spirit remains, thy power is gone, and liberty now to thee can be no object." After this and other feats, for which she was gently reproved by her father, she joined him at the Golpha, where coffee was prepared, and, in order to amuse her, jugglers and tambour players were assembled. These agile performers rather confused and wearied her; and having, until this evening, never for one hour in her short life, since she could remember, seen the beautiful stars reflected in the waters of the dark lake, she gazed upon them with awe and admiration, sometimes expressing her feelings to Ada Reis, and

sometimes listening to the notes of the nightingale, who was warbling sweetly in the orange grove. The noise of the players had ceased; the glare and heat of day had passed. Fiormonda's whole attention seemed to be suddenly arrested by the beauty and interest of the scene,—thought crowded upon thought—her heaving breast and half open lips showed that the magnitude and mystery of the subject engrossed all her faculties, and prevented her from giving immediate utterance to her sentiments. At length, timidly approaching Ada Reis; "What are these lights?" she said, "and by whom placed there? Are they balls of fire, or precious gems?"

"They are worlds, perhaps, like our own," he replied.

Then hurrying on with eager curiosity, "Who made them; and for what end? What are we, father? Why here? and what will become of us, when, like those who have left us, we shall be no more? Shall we go to those bright worlds if we are good? What is being good? What bad? and is that

which is good happy, and that which is evil the reverse? Why am I punished when my will teaches me to oppose yours? By what law have you power and authority over me? How is it that I suffered but just now, and why am I now well? Why are you greater than other men? May any man, if he can, get the better of others, and command them?"

"What law can be stronger than the law of power and possession?" said Ada Reis.

"Is there any one upon this earth, or in those other worlds, greater than you, my father?"

Fiormonda did not wait for answers to most of these inquiries; but when at length she paused, Ada Reis thus replied. "All that you see, fair daughter, is the result of chance: Ada Reis, great as he appears, these beautiful groves, these mountains, yourself, the flowing rivers, the calm lake, the myriads of insects, the crowd of men, the crocodile, and the sprightly monkey, the lordly palm, the perfumed magnolia, the purple rhododendron, and the azalia, that blooms for miles and miles over the hills, all these are the

mere combinations of casual attraction. In the beginning of all things, if ever there was a beginning, there was one principle, the power of life or animation; and there were two elements to work upon, light and darkness; and although none can tell what gave the first shock, which set these elements in motion, yet since the beginning of time, in all probability, attraction and combination have given forms and variety to nature: there is no vacuum in the universe; all is filled, all is alive, and every diversity of animated dust sports along, till dissolution unknits the particles, and sends them back to fill some other appointed condition. We are the sport of chance; the tree that grows in our garden may be composed of atoms that were once what we call man. We are, compared to this earth, as a drop of water to the ocean; think what we must be to the boundless universe! We are inventive, and, with the materials before us, can make ourselves palaces, ornaments, and delights, but we cannot increase the dust of the earth by one particle, any more than we can add one ray of light

to the sun; for all was complete from the beginning; and when all is dissolved from its present combination, light will return to light, and darkness to darkness. This great principle, which warms and illuminates—this creative being, this God, whose sigh (perhaps at being alone, and immortal in existence) animated worlds by a single breath—this light of life, who renders the earth fruitful, will then draw forth gradually, from each living thing, the latent particle of celestial fire, which it lent but for a time, and attracting it to itself again, waft it up on high to its primitive station, where all will be perfect light, perfect harmony, and consequently perfect happiness."

"I hope," said Fiormonda, "that I have nothing but light in me."

"Oh!" said Ada Reis, with a look of despair, "best beloved, unhappy Fiormonda, through me, alas! the evil principle has attached itself to thee; by me, the pure and subtile matter, that had combined in thee, forming the appearance of perfection (for in that which is beautiful beauty rests), has been

defiled; and if you do not, by day and by night, keep guard, the curse of the father will destroy the innocent child. For the deeds of darkness that I have done, nature demands reparation: blood will have blood! the very earth speaks this to me wherever I turn. To the evil association, evil repairs; and to the pure and the good, all that is bright and fair belongs. Tremble, then, Fiormonda, at the dangers which surround thee. Virtue is truth, truth is light, light is harmony, and harmony is happiness; but evil is darkness, and darkness is misery. And, therefore, Ada Reis, the great, the powerful, the wise, even Ada Reis is miserable; for myself I care not, but I would save thee, my child."

"It was thus that Ada Reis endeavoured to instruct Fiormonda, or rather to amuse himself; but, bewildered in the mazes of error, how could he teach that which he had never learned? how even could he attempt to warn his child of her danger, or request her to moderate her passions, when he felt that, from infancy, he had given her so bad an example? But the gay buoyancy of her spirit saved her

from the sadness of these reflections, and she was happy in the levity and inattention of childhood: a bird, with beautiful plumage, or an insect with bright colours, in a moment called her thoughts from these difficult speculations to life and enjoyment; it was far different for Ada Reis, and he was sad even when he beheld her smile. He pressed the reeds in his Golpha, and the soft air fanned him, and the water spouted from pipes around, falling into the fountains; then with a silver wand he touched harmonic glasses,—music soft and soothing proceeded from that touch. At such gentle call,—at such hour of evening,—the nightingale answered the notes, and a voice sweeter than the night-bird's sung from under the double-scented jessamine. Ada Reis reposed, Shaffou Paca and the attendants were at a distance; Fiormonda throwing pebbles into the lake, smiled at the circles she made on its smooth surface. The call of the Imans to evening prayers at that moment caught her ear; she involuntarily turned to the east: so much of belief, notwithstanding Ada Reis's prohibition, had been inculcated into her mind;

the hope of immortality had naturally risen in her soul, and it had been found impossible entirely to exclude from her knowledge the religion of her country. She felt her heart full,—a secret consciousness told her there was a Being, to whom she owed the tribute of obedience and gratitude, and the cold suggestion of philosophy sufficed not to satisfy her warm and vivid feelings. She knelt and prayed,—it was a short but fervent prayer. She prayed like others; to be deceived rather than to stand as she now did in existence, saying to herself, "I am nothing—nothing around me really is,—all is confusion, doubt, and uncertainty; there is no after-existence, and what we enjoy and feel here is all delusion." These opinions had led her father into the commission of crime,—but what was crime? Her mind had in it a proud disdain, as she thought, of evil: but what was evil? Alas! who could tell her? "Oh, that, in place of the herd of mercenary beings who attend me," she cried—"who know me not, and feel not as I do,—who give me torture when they mean to please, and curb me in all my

free spirit teaches me to delight in! Oh, that a being like the one who watched over my infancy could again descend to instruct and enlighten me. Could I but see thee, gentle Zevahir, and hear thee, now I am again at liberty, I would enjoy with thee the beauties and delights of this fair world. Thou wouldst explain to me, at once, all its delusions and errors, and teach me to avoid them. What will become of me, if in truth my father destines me to the Bey? How shall I endure to live with one whose sluggish soul sees no delight in any thing but in the indulgence of his heavy spirit, sleeping through the weary hours, and happy only in indifference and insensibility?"

As she spoke, she heard the air she had often heard in her infancy played, as she imagined, by the page Zevahir; her bird flew from her, and nestled in a shrub, as if alarmed. She then beheld a ball, bright as a diamond, and musical as the chime of bells, rolling towards her, upon the smooth margin of the lake, and lightly along the bank came a youth, drest after another fashion than that of her

country, but of a countenance fair and beautiful as her own. He appeared rather older than herself; his hair was light, his smile radiant, and his cheeks glowing with the first bloom of health; he had an angelic expression; perfect truth, perfect faith, and perfect honour and purity sate upon his lips and beamed from his eyes: a wreath adorned his golden locks; sandals ornamented his feet, and his step was fleet and light, as if he had been a winged messenger from heaven. He made obeisance to her, she returned the salute with a smile: he approached her timidly, and said, in a voice soft, low, and harmonious, "Alicum Salem." To which she replied, "Salem Alicum."[33]

"You look mournful," he continued: "does the time pass slowly for you, or has any event grieved you since I fled from you?"

He held a flower in his hand, it was a catalpa; he knelt and offered it to her; she accepted it—the perfume was sweet: he wore a chain of beads around his neck, the colour of each bead varied like the opal and the Labrador stone in the light; he unclasped the chain,

and seeing her eyes fixed upon it, presented it to her. "On every bead, lovely Lilla," he said, "you may daily read my thoughts; wear it for me!" The silver sound of his voice was like the sweetest music.

Fiormonda, in raptures of delight, pressed the beads eagerly to her lips—"Alas," he said, "it is by gifts alone I may yet retain you—keep these baubles for me."

"Is it Zevahir," she said, my long banished page, or are you an angel from some bright world above?"

He answered not, but the diamond ball again played that air she remembered. As when the magnetizer, by his power over the enfeebled mind, appears to draw the evil humours from out the human frame, so whilst these soft sounds murmured upon her ear, every agitating thought, and every eager wish, left her. "Take this musical ball," he said, "and when worldly cares oppress you, let it play to you; it will soothe the troubled mind and calm the soul."

"Are you," said Fiormonda, "a guardian spirit, come from one of the bright stars my

father says are worlds? Will you teach me what is right?"

"I have watched you from infancy; as your page, I have followed you; I have brought the freshest flowers to you, and sung the sweetest songs to you; unknown and unseen, I have still been present with you; it is only when your violence and vanity have grieved me, that I have reluctantly left you. Call me Zevahir; call me by that name you have often called me. I am not of your country, but come from one happier, though not fairer than yours. If you would retain me for a playmate, you must learn to moderate your temper. Yours is as the burning siroc, and I am gentle as the balmy breeze; my fine ear cannot endure the jarring sound of discord. I was called Phaos in the Golden Island; but my real name is Zamohr. This is the ball for which King Mulichor sold his crown and kingdom; these are the beads for which the Queen of Mora Ben Eden forsook her palace and abandoned her children: look at the blue bead in the centre, see through this glass what is there written."

In small but distinct characters there now appeared, plain to Fiormonda's eyes—"Love is gentle; and beautiful when you are gentle, Lilla, I love you." She coloured, and asked him whence he had gathered the Catalpa, the perfume of which was more fragrant than any she ever yet had found.

"I gathered it from the wreath which Bordislas-Chan, the Schah of Persia, sent to the wife of Ferno, Emperor of Mogul; the blossoms of that wreath were plucked from the garden of Eden by a cherub, before our first parents brought sin and shame upon us; their perfume is sweet, and they will bloom for ever; wear it upon your virgin heart, as a symbol of its purity and immortal worth; like you, it is spotless: never stain its white by one ill sentiment; it will bloom in that shrine whilst you are pure."

"I am pleased with these gifts," said the child; "but what have you in your hand?"

"It is a pen," said he, "which will write of itself whatever you command, in any character, in any language; you have only to dictate, and it shall immediately express your

sentiments: even if there be no better scroll than the sand of the desert, your wishes shall be conveyed to me. Write, then, freely to your guardian friend whatever enters into your mind; whisper but to this pen, and though divided from you by immeasurable space, your feelings, your desires, will be thus in a moment communicated."

When Zevahir, or Phaos, or Zamohr, had concluded, he approached Fiormonda in a gentle caressing manner, impressed upon her cheek one kiss, nor asked forgiveness for the freedom; yet he prepared to retire. "Stay," said the child; "in the name of pity do not leave me, or tell me, at least, before you go, by what wonderful power you have gained in a moment such ascendancy over me?"

"The power, of which you are sensible, is that of early love; love, such as young hearts and noble natures sometimes feel; what poets have imagined, what philosophers have doubted, and the worldly-minded have scoffed at and denied: nevertheless, when kindred spirits meet as we do, they feel, they must feel, what you now enjoy."

"But," said Fiormonda, "although it be joy whilst with you, do you think it will be joy to-morrow when you are away?"

"Yes," said Phaos, "since you must deem me ever near you, when your kind heart thinks on me; and if I do not appear, still believe me watching over you, to bless and guard you, as I have done heretofore."

"Oh, but if you are a spirit and yet near me, I shall be afraid of you. I love you as you are, alive, and such as I now see you; but if I believed you to be more or less than myself, I should dread you!"

"Whilst you are gentle, and good," said Phaos, "and innocent, before the base world shall have written one ill thought within your heart, I may thus appear to you: but whatsoever I am, you need not be alarmed; I never can frighten or harm you: my nature is beneficent and kind. When the soft sea-breeze gently blows upon you, and when the bird that is most beautiful, with its purple feathers, flies before you, in all that you love best, think that it is I; hear my voice in the sweet warblings of the nightingale, and think

of me when the rising lark sings as it ascends to Heaven: in all that is innocent and good, I am. When you sleep and dream of Heaven, when you pray, I will bear those prayers to the throne of mercy: when you give to the unfortunate, I will be at your side. I am youth, I am innocence, I am early love. Be virtuous, be true, and the light and grace of Heaven shall be with you. As the dew ascends and falls upon the flower, so will I, night and morning, return to my beloved."

He spoke, and in speaking left her; but he went as he had come, like the soft breath of spring, the fragrance of the rose, the first sigh of love, the sound of distant music; his benign presence was felt, was enjoyed, his absence regretted; but how and when he came and went, Fiormonda could not tell. She felt alone that he was gone, and was inconsolable.

From that hour she becamè however more timid and gentle than before. New hopes, new thoughts, arose by degrees in her opening mind. She prayed to the great Creator for his protection. She blest his beneficent hand, and she was happy. This happiness,

however, was soon interrupted by a most untoward accident; for one day she suddenly perceived that she had lost all the cherished gifts which her guardian spirit had given to her. The envious Shaffou Paca had seized them, no doubt; or the fierce Kabkarra, in disguise, had entered her apartment. With something of her father's spirit she expressed her indignation, and meeting only with opposition to her will, she gave way to entire distraction.

CHAPTER VIII.

With bitterness the passionate girl now arraigned her father, governesses, sub-governesses, and attendants; she demanded and sought in every direction the vision, which had captivated and delighted her. Shaffou Paca, Aura, Zoe, the slaves and guards, in vain pursued her, in vain inquired what had happened; she only replied by entreaties that he, whom she sought for, might return. At night upon her couch she became delirious, and raved, as her father imagined, calling ever after what none but herself had seen. "Give it me! Send for him!"

"What, beloved child?" said Ada Reis.

"That which I beheld in the heavens, ascending to the stars; that which smiled upon me in the evening, whose voice was music."

"The Lilla has no doubt been looked upon by an evil eye," said Shaffou Paca.

In this belief they sent in all directions for shriefs and marabuts; wise men were station-

ed around her, and dream-expounders attended the couch of the child.

"It is no dream, no folly," said Fiormonda, indignant at the least obstacle which intervened between the first intimation and the attainment of her most trivial desires. "I will lie here and die, if I do not see it again."

"Let peace be restored to the heart of my child," said the proud merchant, as he saw the governess and the nurses and slaves flying from her, afraid lest some evil spirit had been near her; "indulge her most trifling wishes," continued he, assuming that air of imposing grandeur, which only the high and mighty are allowed to put on. "Be soothed, be comforted."

"Never, never, till I have it," cried the child; "let me go out upon the mountains and the lake, to see his angel form, to hear his voice once more."

"I wish it had a name," said Shaffou Paca, "and I would run myself over the world and fetch it."

"I will give the Aashari dromedary, and ten of my finest steeds, with my best diamonds

and pearls, and a million of Spanish ducats," said Ada Reis, "to whoever discovers what malady has fallen upon my child."

"Is it the milk-white steed the Bey rode upon yesterday?" said Aura; "or can it be the young mameluke, who brought the tiger to her?"

"No, no," said the child.

"Or is it the house drawn by sixteen goats, belonging to a strange man—a poet?"

Weeping with disappointment upon the bosom of her father; "it is none of these. Alas! I love you, sir, as you know well enough, better than my jewels, my dresses, my favourite horse, and my singing-birds; but I shall never recover, if I have not that which I beheld flying in the skies, ascending to the stars."

And now the treasures of the country were ransacked, and brought before Ada Reis; the story of Fiormonda's illness reached the ears of the Pasha and the Bey; from far and near every novelty, every wonder—giants, dwarfs, elephants, were brought to Ada Reis, and displayed to the child. But vain were all the

efforts, all the cost. The rarities were received with indifference, and viewed by the heiress of Ada Reis with strong emotions of disappointment and disgust: her faded form and altered manners alarmed her doting friends. They then sent for a christian physician, who was at Cairo, offering him any sum which might induce him to undertake the case. The learned man from Cairo came, and all the shriefs and sages who could be summoned elsewhere answered a similar call; the concourse was great, the consultation long. "Some fiend has cast his eye upon the child; it is insanity has struck upon the brain; terror has diseased the nervous system."

This opinion had just been given, when an immense concourse of Arabs from the mountains filled the courts. A shiek forced his way into the apartment, and loudly calling for Ada Reis, desired permission himself to speak to the child. And when it was given—"Is he, of whom yon infant is in search," he said, "a boy with flaxen hair, whose bright blue eyes, and angel smile, awaken the heart to love? Is this the bauble," he continued, hold-

ing in his hand a diamond ball, "which plays, when touched, soft music? Is this the pen, which writes from the heart that loves it, fervent wishes, even were no scroll but the desert waste at hand upon which to write? are these the beads?"

"They are! they are!" cried the delighted child; her bright eyes beaming through her tears, as she held her arms eagerly out to the Arab; and once again obtained possession of those gifts she had possibly lost in her eagerness to seek him who had given them.

The Arab shiek glanced his wily black eye around, he smiled, whilst the evil spirit showed itself plainly in the dazzling brightness of that eye. Shrinking from his rough grasp, Fiormonda now retreated back to her couch in alarm, while Kabkarra, for it was himself, clapping his hands, with a loud laugh, exclaimed, "'Tis well, Fiormonda; and thy impatience and thy violence shall soon place thee in my power. Sleep, however, now, for thou art weary. What a fire I will kindle in that young heart when time has matured thee for my purpose!" He then hastened

from the room, leaving the child, Ada Reis, Shaffou Paca, and the whole company in much consternation.

A deep sleep now fell upon Fiormonda; and the rest of the by-standers, fatigued by many days of constant attendance, were happy, as they could not explain to each other what had taken place, to retire and compose themselves. The fever abated; Fiormonda smiled on her father, and her eyes closed; soon every one slept.

The moon shone brightly in at the open casement, the sweet perfume of the rose and the jasmine scented the air: "Wake, lovely child!" said a voice: "Awake, and see thy guardian spirit, or in thy dreams be blest by his presence." Fiormonda opened her beautiful eyes, and Phaos was at her side. She talked with him. He endeavoured to soothe her: he told her he had only left her to avoid the presence of those who could not endure him, but that while she continued good, and pious, and pure, he never would forsake her. His was not love, although he came by stealth at that lone hour; it was a feeling which can

be imagined but by few: poets and painters have that feeling, when in ecstasy they gaze upon the calm beauties of nature; childhood has that feeling, when at the twilight hour, upon a summer's evening, the gay and weary children, tired with sport and play, sit on the grass and listen to the rippling of a stream, soft music, or watch the passing clouds; age has that feeling when near the friend or child it loves, it listens to the chime of bells, and the memory of past times returns. Fiormonda conversed with Phaos, and became calm and gentle.

In the morning she was found by Shaffou Paca perfectly restored to health. Ada Reis shortly after, satisfied with her convalescence, and fatigued with the prate of the maids and physicians, took his leave, promising, however, soon to return.

CHAPTER IX.

Dangerous were the feelings which now agitated Fiormonda's mind. Kabkarra had spoken truly when he had said that as she grew in years a violent spirit would show itself. Innocent she was; but wild fancies and strange hopes and fears arose to delude her reason: she saw not things as they are—wild enthusiasm and romantic passion gave a false colouring to every object. In the very tone of her voice, in the songs she sung, in her impassioned manner, she already proved the truth of his predictions. In the mean time, every night and every bright morning, with the rising and setting star, Phaos appeared to her, instilling into her heart sentiments of virtue and beneficence. By stream or lake, amidst flowers, or in recesses in the wood, these happy and innocent children met and conversed: she was attached to him; she was engrossed by him. He talked to her of piety, and innocence, and happiness, and repri-

manded gently all her errors : but too much of woman's love mingled already with the feeling of attachment she felt for her guardian attendant ; he repressed—he seemed to fear such emotion—he chilled her—and admonished her to keep a stricter watch over her thoughts. At length she began to feel somewhat of fatigue in his presence, she did not always hear him with the same patience, and sometimes her volatile spirits led her from his wise discourses. Her mind dwelt more upon the pleasures of life than he wished. She was ambitious, too ; she spoke of war—of triumph ; splendid jewels pleased her fancy ; above all, she detested the calm state her present companion described. She broke forth into a strain of ridicule : in one interview he found her decking herself with jewels which the Bey had presented to her ; in another, she burst into frenzy, speaking to her attendants in the imperious tone her father ever assumed : it was then that the guardian of her childhood became seriously offended ; he had often reprimanded her, and sometimes he had seen, with grief, that his admonitions

tired, and that she began somewhat to smile at his romantic hopes and wishes. He described a course of life, which had not the same attractions for herself as for him; he talked of a happy state, when two pure and innocent beings might live for each other, and do good to those who were less blest; he spoke of a country where all worshipped and adored the true Deity, and faith and benevolence were cherished above riches and beauty; where, in order to obey a great Creator, passions were to be subdued, and trials were to be endured without a murmur; all glare, all pomp, all vanity he detested, and Fiormonda acknowledged that she liked every thing of the sort: in his own country, he said, men had perfect honour, and women were gentle, pure, and obedient. He maintained that beauty and truth were religion, and all else was deceit and vice. He shed tears over Fiormonda when she boasted of her expectations upon earth. He bade her look above for support; her duty was to be humble and gentle. She smiled when he thus addressed her. His

ideas, she said, were, she feared, too romantic for this world—after all, whilst upon earth, we must respect even the prejudices of our fellow creatures ; satire and ridicule had their effect. Fear of the bitter irony of Ada Reis had already, in some degree, influenced her mind ; she thought, also, that she saw in her new friend an inexperience and a want of knowledge of the world, which she was sure would not be tolerated in a city like Tripoly, and in an age as enlightened as the present ; yet was he very dear to her, and she grieved to see him more and more seldom.

Her recovery had now been some time complete, and Shaffou Paca maintained that the sooner she espoused the Bey the better. In her country eight years of age was thought a very reasonable period at which to marry ; at thirteen some of her companions had already a family of children. [34] But Ada Reis could not quite make up his mind to consent to the marriage : he had ideas of future aggrandizement, which were not sufficiently definite to justify him in an absolute refusal ; yet he de-

layed to give his entire consent to an immediate union, and resolved even to consult Kabkarra upon the subject.

A change had imperceptibly taken place, within the last year, in Fiormonda's air and manner. The passion of love had been awakened in her ardent breast; but though she fancied the object of it to be her guardian attendant, he was, in fact, far from entirely engrossing her affections.

CHAPTER X.

There are some who say women seldom justly appreciate real merit; their imaginations and passions beguile them; and the rare qualities of the mind, which refuse to obtrude themselves, seldom attach. Ada Reis, in his narrative, makes no such reflection; he merely says, that Fiormonda was alone captivated by the mystery which gave interest to her secret meetings with her youthful admirer; whereas every day, as she advanced in years, her ambitious hopes gained strength, and enthusiasm and passion turned her mind from the duties and affections of friendship. Ada Reis confesses that until this time he had little or no suspicion of his daughter's attachment to the beautiful boy; he considered her as safe under the guidance of Shaffou Paca, and at length the vigilance of that lady detected Fiormonda's secret interviews with Zevahir. She lost no time in warning Ada Reis of his daughter's danger; she further

communicated her strong suspicion that the intruder was not a mere mortal being, but probably an evil spirit; of this, indeed, she had little doubt, as she was a firm believer in every thing that exceeded the bounds of credibility.

Ada Reis, upon this intelligence, determined upon putting his daughter out of harm's way, by instantly celebrating her marriage with the Bey. He made a speedy communication of his intention to the Pasha; who, well aware of his immense wealth, had long been very urgent upon this subject; and the most splendid preparations were in consequence made to solemnize the nuptials.

Matters stood thus, when Phaos, one evening upon entering Fiormonda's apartment, and finding her in no humour to converse rationally with him, but, on the contrary, vain, obdurate, and flighty, warned her that he was about to leave her for ever. "Farewell, loveliest!" he said: "since my attachment can neither touch you nor bind you, it is decreed that we must part; the time is come, and without one word of reproach, I quit you:

look upon me once, since we shall meet perhaps no more. The world and its false vanities have already allured your young heart from nature and innocence; you are about to enter upon a career of vanity and deceit; sometimes, perhaps, you will remember your happiest days; the days when you were innocent and loved by me: then was your heart pure and affectionate; then were virtue, truth, and honour, the only feelings which you venerated. My love for you has been holy as piety, as beautiful, and as true: your early faith and infant prayer drew me down to guard you; your womanish vanity and errors have rendered my stay impossible. Go, therefore; for your very name has doomed you to be the ephemeral plant of a perishable world. But you have a soul, whatever false philosophy may say for the purpose of persuading you to doubt it, and one day you will be called to account for all your actions. I, the lover of your infancy, must leave you; to part is death to you, and agony to me. Virtue delights in concealing her beauties, that the mean, the corrupt, the profligate may not run

after her and admire her as they would do could they see her. Vice, hideous and deformed, stalks abroad dressed in jewels and ornaments to attract the inexperienced. Oh, Fiormonda, cherish yet in thy young heart the good seed which has been implanted there. You have snapped asunder the cords that bound us together, and I am forced to quit you. Farewell, beloved child; for worldly honour and accursed vanity you have abandoned me." Thus saying, he broke from her and left her, with more solemnity than could have been expected from his youth.

Fiormonda thought him but gone for a moment; he had ever returned when her pen expressed her wishes to that effect, and as every bead she read spoke to her but of love, tenderness, and faith, she gave herself but little concern at his bidding her farewell; and even felt the silly vanity of a coquette, in the hope of making so tender a heart suffer, and perhaps love her the more for the disdain which she feigned. She saw him not, however, the ensuing day. In the evening, she talked of the Bey, who was so soon, she

heard, to claim her hand, and take her to his palace: she tried on every variety of dress for this occasion, and was pleased with the adulation and praises of her attendants. Never was beauty seen surpassing hers, and she admired herself to the full as much as did her admiring slaves; but her heart was still attached to her guardian spirit, and, although she liked to show her power, she no sooner missed his visits than she began ardently and eagerly to pine, and wish for his return.

CHAPTER XI.

As soon, however, as Fiormonda found that her lover had really left her, she informed Shaffou Paca of all that had passed; repeated the words Phaos had addressed to her, sang over his songs, showed his presents, and wept and pined, and complained in the same violent way which she had done after their first interview. "He is," she said, "the page Zevahir; he has watched over me from my birth; he is all that is good and beneficent; he was my mother's friend in early life; he is a guardian spirit, he bore my prayers up to the throne of Heaven, he watched me whilst I slept, and I have lost him by my own faults and folly!"

There was a certain juice Ada Reis applied to his daughter's lips whenever he perceived passion was likely to overpower her reason; and there was a pipe pitched to a low tone, by which, when enraged himself, he endeavoured to modulate his own voice: but on

the present occasion, when Shaffou Paca, Aura, Zoe, negroes and negresses, governors and governesses, sub-governors, tutors, nurses, and attendants, vociferating together in his antechamber, and from thence all at once breaking into his presence, informed him of what had taken place—the juice and the pipe were applied in vain; he fell into one of his paroxysms; he even tore a white lock out of his beard, which had ever grown there the admiration of the ladies of his harem, all the rest being of a beautiful auburn, and curling like to golden wire. He struck his own head gently, and was very near repeating the blow with greater violence upon that of others. At length he became calm—"And who is this stripling," he cried, "and where are his villanous gifts? Bring them and the Lilla Fiormonda before me. Kabkarra! I invoke your aid. Who knows where to find Kabkarra?"

"I do," said Shaffou Paca; "and had I followed his wise counsels, my young charge had not been now exposed to the arts and seductions of I know not whom."

Here Shaffou Paca was again interrupted by the rage of Ada Reis, which knew no bounds: execrating her want of severity, and his own blindness, he vowed vengeance on a youth, who, by all the marvels he had heard of him, could scarcely be esteemed a mortal being, or liable to such proofs of his resentment as it was his present intention to bestow upon him.

The scattered remnants of broken furniture were no sooner removed, and the chamber restored to order, than the obedient troop of wives and slaves went to communicate to Fiormonda the wishes of Ada Reis, which occasioned nearly as tremendous a fit of fury in the child, as that which had been displayed by her father. Her paroxysm being likewise over, and the attire of the Lilla set to rights, the procession took place; two black women bearing the gifts first, and Fiormonda following, her lovely cheeks bedewed with tears, the white catalpa still blooming fresh upon her bosom. Ah! who that had seen that soft blue eye downcast, and covered by its jetty fringe, as with slow and calm step she gently

followed her guardians like a lamb to the altar, could possibly have believed that a moment before, she had knocked down the vases in the state apartment, and had torn in pieces the celebrated veil wrought in Egypt for Bianca di Castamela, her mother, and presented to her by Ada Reis as the most wonderful specimen of the art; could Fiormonda, that lovely, that gentle child, have given the yellow slave that terrible bump upon his right eye, or have impressed a wound upon the arm of Shaffou Paca, who now followed her, venting her ill-humour by ceaseless complaint?

Ada Reis, when he beheld her, exclaimed, "Child of an unhappy connexion, you little know the danger in which you now stand: a royal suitor awaits you, a diadem is yours if you obey my commands; but the wretch, who has gazed upon you, whom you meet in secret, is a sorcerer—an evil spirit. I will return his gifts, or," he continued, as he now fixed his eyes upon these wonderful toys, "I will keep them; not indeed knowing unto whom I am to return them at pre-

sent; and, until the arrival of Kabkarra, the friend of our family, you shall remain under my own superintendence." After having said thus much, Ada Reis, much appeased by this show of authority, and the established certainty, that no one dared contradict or oppose him, examined one after the other the gifts which Phaos had presented to his child.

Fiormonda, as she first delivered the beads to her father, taking the glass, read upon one, "I am as miserable as yourself;" the next said, "fear not;" the third said, "love me;" the fourth shed tears; the fifth breathed sighs; and all the other beads said some one of those flattering sayings, which love only knows how to say. Fiormonda then put one to her lips as Ada Reis, in an angry tone, asked why she delayed so long to give him the bauble; the bead, breathing softly, returned the kiss she gave. "Wonderful!" she cried: "I cannot part with this."

"Cannot!" said Ada Reis furiously, "why I will give thee a kingdom for this foolish chain; and your royal suitor shall hang upon your neck a string of pearls, each pearl

possessing worth enough therewith to purchase a monarch's diadem."

"Never!" said Fiormonda faintly; but she gave up the beads; and whilst Ada Reis, examining them with contempt, said they were in his eyes like mere common ornaments, Fiormonda addressed her pen, which from her hand wrote as in the air, "Come to my assistance, angel of peace! Yes, I am true to you; I will be gentle, virtuous, obedient; I never will belong to the Bey or the rich Jew; I will learn to command my passions; I will learn to obey."

Scarce had the pen expressed her thoughts, when Ada Reis snatched it from her, "And for this trifling quill my Lilla Castamela shall have an elephant, a dromedary, and a diamond crown."

The musical ball was next displayed, but that ball which had sung so sweetly to Fiormonda, and sounded like the voice of her lover, now was silent, and when at length moved to play, only imitated the martial gong, or the loud kettle-drum, and war-whoop.

" See," said Ada Reis, when he had gained his point, turning with authority to Shaffou Paca, " see that better care be taken to keep intruders from my house. or your miserable life may end somewhat sooner than you perhaps wish. Command the guards to keep strict watch in future."

CHAPTER XII.

Shaffou Paca and the guards did their duty; but how vain are the commands of a despot, and of what avail is force against the free spirit? A thousand thoughts, born and bred under this durance, ripened in Fiormonda's mind, and taught her to value that which she had lost by her own fickleness and presumption: how endless the day appeared, and how cheerless the evening without her second self, her other half! What struggling passions waged war with each other in her mind! She pined for she knew not what: she talked of virtue, heaven, and immortal hopes—worldly honours and costly attire; made transitions from the stars of the blessed to the good things of this world, with a rapidity and facility astonishing to the bystanders. Love, fear, hope, heaven, Phaos, the Bey, and Kabkarra, were alternately subjects of her incoherent conversation: until at length Shaffou Paca maintained that a

struggle between the evil and the good principle was taking place within her mind, which would probably end in the total alienation of her reason. Sickness fell upon her. Life in all its glorious promise faded before her. Doubts, fears, passions, arose within her breast; and Ada Reis, alarmed, and awake to her danger, resolved, without loss of time, to invoke once more the aid of Kabkarra. Her illness increasing, the blacks began to howl and scream the dying yell. Shaffou Paca exclaimed, "If it be your wish," addressing Ada Reis, "my son shall be here this night: the way is long, it is true, but at a word I can make him come."

"Ha!" said Ada Reis, "well, then, bring him before me;" and Shaffou Paca, pleased with a display of her power, did not observe the dark suspicious frown of surprise and anger which now overspread her master's countenance; she, with all the despatch in her power, obeyed his commands.

But Kabkarra, offended, refused to attend the summons of Ada Reis. "The Lilla Fiormonda," he said, "has much wronged and

displeased me; she has contracted a friendship with another: let her rue her folly. To prove, however, that my regard is not entirely extinguished, I send in my place a skilful female, Zezel Peer Banyan, who will tend the Lilla with all the care and all the art which her malady requires."

Shaffou Paca informed Ada Reis of this mandate, and he received the intelligence as the head of a family receives the news of the arrival of the apothecary when he has sent for, and expects, a renowned physician.

At half an hour after ten at night, five hours and three-quarters before the full of the moon, Zezel Peer Banyan arrived, and seating herself upon a mat in the child's apartment, began drawing lines with her finger upon the palm of her other hand, and appeared very well satisfied with herself and situation. A chant from without was at that moment heard, and a troop of Arabs bearing torches entered the house and surrounded her, whilst a procession of Arab children followed, with charms, and spells, and serpents, and messes in their hands. The children

were all nearly of the age of the invalid: they ranged themselves in rows before the couch, and sung in short impressive accents, not wholly inharmonious, a song or hymn to the dying child. Their gestures and uncouth garb gave an animated air of wild emotion to their countenances, whilst they danced and played in mysterious attitudes.

Zezel Peer Banyan, in the mean time, enveloped in a loose dark woollen blanket, or baracan, one eye of terrible fierceness alone appearing, spun around, as if performing some of the ceremonies of a marabut, at the same time shrieking as loud as her hoarse voice would permit. She then stamped upon the Koran, and squatted herself down upon the carpet in the middle of the room; the children, like imps, dancing wildly around her. Fiormonda moved not. The sorceress then stirred a mess up with a variety of gestures; the Arabs and children prostrated themselves before her, all shrieking like herself; after which, in discordant accents, they sang deep and tremulous invocations. A flame arose from the caldron.

Upon this sign Zezel Peer Banyan bade them return to their homes. Then taking with her hand somewhat from the flame, she seated herself upon the mat, entirely enveloped in her black baracan, with her one bright eye alone in view, and that fixed like a basilisk's upon the child. Silence and terror unparalleled reigned through the apartment; even Shaffou Paca was awed, and the blacks obeying the gestures, which bade them depart one by one, slowly left the room. No sooner had every one retreated, than the Arab fairy began again to whirl around with terrific attitudes and horrid gestures. She danced too, and for so long, that at length her dance became one continued convulsion; she laughed, she howled, she stamped, she sung, till Fiormonda, from a state of insensibility, arose trembling, and called for Aura and Zoe, and even for Shaffou Paca—but in vain. Again Zezel Peer Banyan re-seated herself in silence, fixing her eye, in a fearful manner. The child, kneeling, implored her to speak, and asked in mercy who she was. The mysterious being approaching her, with a laugh, suddenly

snatched her from her couch. At this moment the dark baracan fell, and Fiormonda found herself in the arms of a fierce Arab chief, who cried, " Ha ! lovely one, thou art mine ! I have made thee well !" pressed her lips rudely to his, and looked upon her with exulting triumph. " Passions have bound thee to me," he cried, " Fires, wild and lawless, wait but opportunity and temptation to rage within thy breast; thou shalt be mine!—be mine!"

Ada Reis at this moment entered, and the warrior re-assuming the appearance of the sorceress, and folding the cloak again around him, said, as he placed over the child a girdle of the finest jewels, which he had drawn from without the caldron, " Remember me when we meet again, and by this token, give not thy hand to any one here, for an imperial crown awaits thee."

He then retired, but the apartment remained full of jewels, perfumes, gifts; and the negresses, and Aura, and Zoe, had received bona manos from Zezel Peer Banyan, they said, as she went out. Some, however, hinted, that this Zezel Peer Banyan was no

other than Kabkarra, the Jew, the son of Shaffou Paca. Suspicions had entered the mind of Ada Reis, and sending several of his black slaves to bring that lady instantly before him, "Strange things," he said, "he had been in the habit of seeing and hearing all the days of his life; common wonders he considered as of small consequence; even the chessmen he had tolerated; but now it occurred to him, that Zubanyànn, the evil one, and Zezel Peer Banyan, the sorceress, were imposing upon the facility of his disposition, and before he was aware, Fiormonda, his lovely child, his only living child, would be in their power." Considerably disturbed by these apprehensions, he fixed his eyes sternly upon Shaffou Paca, awaiting, in a majestic attitude, her approach. Her natural infirmities were greatly increased by the alarm which this sudden summons had caused her; the negresses too were tottering and trembling behind, and the blacks, who were afraid of their master, hurried her along for fear of enraging him by the least delay, regardless of the unfortunate lameness, which prevented her advancing

quickly, with her short leg foremost; this short leg being her chief stay, the other circling round it, as the long shank of a pair of compasses turns about the shorter when it is planted. She now approached Ada Reis; as she came up close within his view his gravity left him, and for one moment he fell back with laughter upon beholding her.

This reception, in some measure, re-assured her; but when he charged her with being mother to a sorcerer, and questioned her upon the subject of the Jew Kabkarra, she nearly fainted; her two negresses put some cloves and cinnamon to her nose, and offered her a small cup of orange-flower water, but she thought it a disrespect to touch any of these things in presence of Ada Reis, and, shaking from head to foot, answered his questions in the following manner.

"Are you married?"

"I was."

"To whom?"

"To a vender of slippers, a Jew."

"What was his name?"

"Kabkarra!"

"Ha!" said Ada Reis, and sprung from his cushion. "What became of your husband?"

"He died of the plague ten years ago."

"Had you any children?"

"One."

"Where is he?"

"He wanders about the world, he is your servant."

"Answer straight, thou old sorceress!" stamping with his foot, and ordering two of his blacks to tie a sash around her neck, and strangle her if she prevaricated; "answer me, or you shall die!"

"I shall die," said Shaffou Paca, kneeling, as she felt the noose about her neck, "if you do not command these miscreants to loose the sash!"

Ada Reis smiled, and the sash was relaxed. He then proceeded, "How came your son in league with the evil one?"

"It was one fearful night," said Shaffou Paca, shuddering, "we were nearly starved to death: what will not man do to purchase food?"

"Who?"

"My son and myself: taking a desperate resolution, he left me."

"What then?"

"He went in search of gold and of pearls."

"What then?"

"I know nothing more; he was long absent; I was on the point of death when he returned. He came at length; but his countenance never again expressed or hope or peace. From that day we have both been rich but miserable. He, shortly after his return, led me from Egypt; we wandered to different countries: I know nothing further."

"Swear it!"

"I swear it."

"Was he here to-night? Did he not appear before me in the form of Zezel Peer Banyan!"

Shaffou Paca trembled all over, but maintained that her son possessed no other power than what belongs to mortal man.

"You then are leagued with Zubanyànn?"

"I know him not."

"Is there an evil one? Teach me all thou knowest. I will strangle thee if thou dost not explain all to me; and then, if there be any

power in thy knowledge, thou mayest restore thyself."

"Sir," said Shaffou Paca, sobbing and wringing her hands, "nothing can restore me if you take away my life; and to prolong life, and purchase riches, what have I not forfeited?" With this she begged Ada Reis's leave to retire; but his curiosity was insatiable, and he questioned her for several hours longer. However, he could make nothing out from her discourse, he therefore commanded her to fetch her son. She hobbled off in haste, most eager to get away.

The next day she was furnished with a mule and two blacks, and was again commanded by Ada Reis to procure him an interview with her son. It was a journey of many miles to the Guaiana mountains, where he dwelt; she must needs be absent two days, and, probably, encounter many difficulties before she could find him; beside which, he had forbidden her ever in person intruding upon him: "he lived with the Arabs and banditti in his hut, dug within the bowels of the earth, not far from the summit of the mountain." It was

immaterial to Ada Reis where he lived, or what commands he had given; see him he was resolved he would, and he would either seek him there himself, or Shaffou Paca must bring him before him.

At length she was persuaded to depart, not without much fear and some regret, for she dreaded she knew not what, if, contrary to Kabkarra's orders, she ventured upon his privacy.

CHAPTER XIII.

The way was long and wearisome; the mules went at a brisk trot, but the lady could not bear the continued shaking, and was obliged frequently to rest.

When she arrived at her son's habitation, or rather at that part of the mountain within which she knew he dwelt, she knocked, she called, and a fierce Arab with his dog started out upon her, demanding what she wanted; upon seeing her, as none ever yet were like her, the Arab recognised her, bade her attendants remain without, and desired her to enter. She descended some steps roughly hewn in the rock, and she found herself in a room where a man was reclining, apparently in agonising pain; a musket and a yatagan by him. "My beloved son," she had scarce time to say, when he, in a hoarse tone, exclaimed, "Toad, reptile, what art thou here for?"

"To seek my son."

"Am I thy son?" said he, starting up wildly.

"Alas!" said Shaffou Paca, after prostrating herself before him, "all that is left me is to wonder and to doubt—but whatever thou art, or spirit, or man, I implore thee to hasten this instant to Ada Reis—my miserable life must pay the forfeit, if thou refusest me."

"Hast seen the javelin or the arrow cleave the air, mother?" said Kabkarra, laughing. "Hast marked the lightning's flash?—With such speed, will I obey his summons. But how is thy beauteous charge? Take care of her, as she deserves; study alone to increase every charm; excite her passions, and corrupt her mind. I must win her: but first there will be a fierce struggle between myself and my rival."

"And shall I not?" said Shaffou Paca.

"Go," said he, fiercely; "return, and say to Ada Reis, that your son will be with him, as he commands, before even his impatience can expect him. Order the mare Oriah," he continued, addressing his attendants; "I obey Ada Reis's summons."

As Kabkarra said this, blessing herself, and conjuring up in her mind every charm and

prayer she could collect in her memory, from the superstition of every country of which she ever had heard, Shaffou Paca remounted her mule, and began to trot homewards, notwithstanding her great inclination to sleep; and as her blacks and her slaves, nodding upon their beasts from lassitude, slowly followed after, they were aroused by a noise like the whizzing of an arrow from a bow, and they thought they saw a flash pass them, like that of the lightning. It was Kabkarra upon his milk-white mare Oriah, who had darted by them. "My message," thought Shaffou Paca, trying to excite her tardy mule into a brisk pace, "will not be delivered; but it is as well; I shall then, in all probability, be out of the scrape."

Whilst these things were passing, Fiormonda languidly reclined upon her couch, talked of nothing but the frightful Zezel Peer Banyan, until a deep sleep stole over her senses, and her father, gazing upon her, fancied that she was again ill, or perhaps dead. The blacks seeing her so pale and inanimate, set up once more a frightful yell; and Shaffou Paca being

away, Ada Reis became impatient beyond all bounds. He ordered the slaves to cease their lamentations: evening came on; a deep silence ensued, all appeared calm without, the soft moonbeam glided through the open casement, the delicious air was perfumed with spices, breathing, as it were, upon the loveliest and most inanimate of beings.

Ada Reis sate dozing over sherbet in a distant part of the apartment—when the air, well known to Fiormonda, sounded from without. At this moment entered one who knelt before her couch; it was the beautiful boy whose gentle presence had been the cause of so much combustion and disorder: Ada Reis gazed intently upon him. After a few words of prayer, he arose from the ground, and seating himself upon the sofa near the child, addressed her in soft low tones, whilst the tears were streaming from his eyes: "Wherefore hast thou, loveliest of thy sex, given way to the intemperance of passion? the evil spirit saw and marked thee, and has seduced thy young heart, whilst thou didst fly thy better angel. How calm now is thy form, Fior-

monda! how cold and torpid flows the current of thy blood within thy veins! Where now is that frown which will soon learn to awe the world? Where that impetuosity which already shows itself too great for thy tender frame? Alas! this is alone the form of Fiormonda; the soul has fled far, far from hence; seized, subdued, and imprisoned by the foe of man, and I have not the power, without other aid, to redeem it."

"Oh!" said Ada Reis, who had attentively listened to this address, "if there be mercy in the heart of a spirit, for such I take you to be, condescend to sympathise with the grief of a distracted father. I will slay five thousand of the fairest ladies in the capital, the Bey, and all the nobles of the Pasha's court; I will cut off my beard, the longest ever seen, and do penance for the crimes of my youth, in any manner you think fit, if you will only restore my Fiormonda to me."

"Alas! Ada Reis," said the youth, "blood has been shed already, and new crimes will not, I fear, efface former misdeeds. It is from thee I would save the unhappy child of Bianca

di Castamela; it is for a happier fate than that of being thy daughter, or the Bey's bride, that I would restore her to existence. But, alas! she is under the thraldom of one more powerful than myself, and love, and faith, and virtue, alone, could have power to wrest her from the raging tyranny of her present master."

Ada Reis, who had indulged hope for one moment, now gave vent to an agony of despair, and ordered his guards to seize the intruder.

"There is no need of force," said the youth with gentleness; though a stranger to thee, I am Fiormonda's friend; all nature is divided between the good and the evil principle; and if I so seldom have been seen at the court of the Pasha, or near the person of Ada Reis, it is because they both prefer my more violent half-brother to myself; my name is Zamohr. I am the guardian of all that is pure, that is lovely, that is beautiful, that is innocent; and of all mortal and immortal beings I am esteemed the most benevolent and the most gentle. My form, as you see, is that of youth, for there is no ingredient in my composition base enough to compose aught

that is less amiable; never can wrinkle wither my bloom, nor age nor passion blight the freshness of my feelings; hope not to confine me; thou hast but the power of dismissing me; go thou to a sleepless couch and lament; I am happy; on me neither sin nor shame have ever cast a shade; the spring of the year is my season, and in the soft moonbeam, not in the sunny glare, I take my rounds."

"Wretch!" cried Ada Reis, "I know what it is to war with magicians and spirits; I know my power is circumscribed, and yours is unbounded; but yet I can wound you, and I will do it. Thus, then, on my bended knees, I invoke the defender of our house, and the dread power who has so often assisted me! There are means, and you well know it, by which even the good can be made to suffer, and if you cannot feel for yourself, you shall, at all events, for Fiormonda's fate. I yield her to thy rival! I here give her up to Zubanyànn —to Kabkarra! He can aid her, he can defend her; he shall make her powerful and rich, and save her from your seductions."

As he said this, he heard cheers and shouts

of triumph. The gentle Zamohr vanished into air; the nuba [35] sounded; the joyous song of people from without was heard: the attendants, running in, informed Ada Reis, somewhat suddenly, that the Pasha's son, the Bey, had come to know the state of Fiormonda's health. The song of "Loo! loo!" was distinctly heard. The Bey was accompanied by only one attendant, his favourite Mameluke, and his horse seemed almost exhausted with fatigue. Ada Reis, who had heard that the Bey was gone out against the Arabs, was astonished at his so swift return; but when the beautiful stranger appeared before him, he started, for in a moment he saw that it was not the Bey, but that it was Kabkarra! He wore a crescent of diamonds, and his large turban was of the finest white muslin, crossed with a shawl of dark purple, and richly embroidered gold. He was decked from head to foot with jewels. His countenance, though fierce, was beautiful, and, regardless of Moorish manners and laws, he boldly entered the presence of Fiormonda, though the shrieking females had hardly time to fly and conceal

themselves. " I am come," he said, in a commanding voice, " to answer your demand. You know the Jew Kabkarra too well to inquire of me who I am, and if I have abused the credulity of the people by assuming the garb of the Pasha's son, it is (forgive my vanity) that I wish to show you that a turban and an embroidered cloak can make of Kabkarra the thing you admire. Fiormonda, my lovely child, fear not; although the Prophet himself were here to prevent me, thus, thus would I approach thee; for who was it saved thee, when thy affrighted nurses were howling around the shriek of death, and from what rival have I snatched thee, save from the gnawing worm in the cold sepulchre? As to the Bey, thou shalt never be his bride."

" You have promised," said Ada Reis, " that she shall possess a royal husband, and wear an imperial crown."

" And she shall wear it!" said Kabkarra, with a laugh of triumph: " but not here, not in these countries may she reign."

" Ah! these delays and equivocations," said Ada Reis, " whilst the Bey, on the contrary,

would instantly place her in his father's palace; and the title of Lilla, in consequence of his known intentions, has already been granted to her. And what can the title of Lilla do for a proud and freeborn soul like hers? And what is the Pasha's palace, but a splendid prison? I offer her far better than this; the world is my habitation: by sea and by land we will travel together, and enjoy the moment of existence granted to us."

Fiormonda smiled to hear Kabkarra speak; and he, kneeling before her, bade her be firm, and resist every attempt made to allure her. "If jewels please you," he said, "I can bring you the finest and the rarest. If gifts like those my half-brother Zamohr presented gratify your fancy, are not the chessmen Kabkarra gave more worth your care? Where, too, is the girdle I placed upon your heart, when you were ill? it is fitter than the string of cloves and gold the Moorish ladies wear."

"And are you, who are so beautiful, the same who came to me the other evening? Are you that frightful Zezel Peer Banyan?"

said Fiormonda, gazing with admiration and astonishment upon him.

"Am I not like her?" said the youth, with a sarcastic smile: "these eyes, these features, this form, are they not the same?"

"What is your real name?" said Fiormonda.

"Can I need any other," said the stranger, "than Kabkarra? And now ask me no more questions; I am come to save you. Ada Reis, mark me! whether I be an enchanter or a mere mortal is immaterial; but if you heed not my warning, you will repent. In a short time you will be obliged to fly this place; observe my instructions: when danger menaces, call for me; bid Shaffou Paca send you her son, and mount upon my steed, the one I shall leave here; as for my charming little mistress, she must likewise be prepared. Do this, and all shall be in readiness; for I must save and bear you hence. The deeds you have done, Ada Reis, are known; the Pasha looks upon you with an eye of suspicion: in a few days your head will be demanded, and your life forfeited if you obey not my injunc-

tions. Give me your signet-ring,[36] that in case of necessity, I may have the means, whilst you are detained within, of being obeyed without by your slaves."

"Bel Nabi!" said Ada Reis, "you seem to have means enough without any ring of mine; however, take it: great men, I find, are always pursued by wonderful adventures." Ada Reis then gave the ring, although with some reluctance, and Kabkarra departed with the same precipitation with which he had arrived. The song of "Loo! Loo!" was repeated. The astonished Ada Reis remained in silence; until at a late hour that night, long after Fiormonda was asleep, the weary Shaffou Paca at length returned, and heard the pleasing intelligence that her son, as she had expected, had arrived before her, and had entirely satisfied her master.

CHAPTER XIV.

The character of Ada Reis was not formed to endure patiently the slightest appearance even of disrespect from a superior. He was astonished a few days after Kabkarra's visit, at receiving an unceremonious mandate from the Pasha of Tripoly, commanding his immediate presence at his court. A slave, who was attached to Ada Reis, made him a sign at the very moment the message was delivered to him, by which he understood the Pasha's hampers were in readiness to strangle him. Well aware of the celerity with which these commands were at all times executed, and suddenly struck with the mournful air his slaves and followers had assumed, he bowed respectfully to the messenger, and promised to follow him, without a moment's loss of time, secretly resolved to send for Kabkarra and consult him.

"You have three hours to prepare," said the messenger, with a significant smile; "the

Pasha has made strange preparations to receive you with unexpected honours."

My crimes, then, are known at length, thought Ada Reis; or sooner, my wealth, my power, my spirit of independence, have given umbrage to a tyrant. With feigned calmness he now entered Fiormonda's apartment.

Shaffou Paca, upon this eventful evening, had engaged her pupil, now much recovered from the effects of her indisposition, to play a game at chess. "You have not," she said, "for a long time opened the box Kabkarra gave you; the little men must be tired for want of employment."

"Who," said Fiormonda, "will venture to attack me?"

"I will," said Ada Reis, smiling: "three hours are yet granted me; and how better can I employ one of the three than in endeavouring to entertain my child? We will place the board upon the carpet, and try our powers with these little creatures."

Fiormonda was delighted with observing their variety and beauty. She smiled, and talked with unusual gaiety, and even spoke

of Kabkarra with attachment for having given her so wonderful a gift.

As she prepared to begin the game, the musical ball, though confined within a chest, sounded a mournful air : it was a dirge, intermingled with sounds like the sobs and sighs of one in pain. Ada Reis paused—Fiormonda remained motionless : — there then arose plainly before their view two resplendent forms, the one adorned with all the beauty of early youth, the other in all the vigour of manhood! These occupied the opposite parts of the board, the one preparing to attack the other. They are the good and the evil genii, thought Ada Reis, contending for Fiormonda. But he could not utter a word, or move ; his eyes continued to gaze upon the prodigy which was taking place before them. The game began, whilst all who beheld it, attracted as steel to the loadstone, watched piece after piece as they were ranged in defiance against each other. Shaffou Paca, Zoe, Aura, the negroes, negresses, nurses, attendants, and guards, in due order placed themselves, some behind Ada Reis, some behind Fiormonda ; their eyes

riveted, their thoughts engrossed, their hopes fixed upon each movement of the game. And now the one triumphed, and now the other: the struggle for mastery was great, the skill exhibited wonderful, and the celerity of each motion passing thought. None had until this moment perceived how large the men and the board had grown by insensible degrees—so large, so formidable, that the countenances, gestures, smiles, and frowns of the warriors, pawns, and knights, were distinctly perceivable, whilst the neighing of horses could be plainly heard.

The white king heaved a sigh as loud as the breathing of a dormouse, in its torpid state, when he beheld his own personal pawn taken by his adversary. The movement had been inadvertent and rash on his part; it had thrown his sacred person open to the attacks of his foe; he bit his lip, and turned to his knights, ordering them forthwith to charge; the obedient troop obeyed their lord. The two genii watched over their respective armies, directing their movements by signs, and now and then by words, speaking lowly and

mysteriously in an unknown tongue. The countenance of the youth was like Zamohr, only less serene; and the playful smile and the amorous glance were exchanged for deep thought and marked anxiety. No anger, no violence, no impatience were shown by him, as, with a steady hand, he motioned his commands. A band of gold, bright as a sunbeam, confined his light tresses; he wore a robe to be compared alone in colour to the clouds of evening when the sun's setting ray shines upon them. His beauty, his youth, his angelic smile and varying complexion interested every one in his success; whilst his dark antagonist marshalled his troops with an air of wild exultation, his form equal in beauty, but his malevolent smile spreading terror into every heart. To the gentle and timid march of Zamohr he opposed hasty decisions, and a rash but brilliant attack. His countenance beamed with animation and fire; his lips, like rubies, parted only to smile with bitter taunt or exulting triumph. His men, like himself, were dark and fearless. Child of the Sun, he lifted up his eyes and gazed like the eagle upon its full

meridian beam, then turned to the game, as if secure of triumph.

That sun, however, descended before the awful contest ceased. The white queen now made a successful diversion to the left; she ventured, unattended, even into the midst of the enemy's quarters; her presence caused a terrible confusion in the dark ranks; a knight was lost hilst passaging his horse to admiration, speaking to it in manage terms as it performed its caracols without one false step. But vain was his skill; he paid the forfeit of his rashness. The black bishops now advanced obliquely, pronouncing anathemas as they passed. The white bishops parried this attack by using similar arms amongst the dark troops. The white queen, grown bolder, now stood firm in front, and checked the king. The dark king, highly offended at this audacity, frowned, armed his towers, placed his videts and pioneers in front, and dismissed the fearless lady with repeated insults. She retired in tears back to her own territories. A careless move had nearly lost her on her return. The murmur of alarm on

the white side was now general; whilst shouts of triumph could distinctly, although faintly, be heard from the opposite party. Indecision and fear in a general is fatal. The Evil Principle had no fear; his eyes now shone like blazing stars in a dark sky, and dazzled, by their brightness and glare, his agitated and half-conquered antagonist. The youthful genius made another irresolute move; it was past recal, and the white king was checkmated amidst the groans of his own forces, and a clash of arms and shout of victory from the contending pigmies of the opposite side. The vision immediately vanished. The board shrunk back to its ordinary dimensions, and the chessmen resumed their usual shape and appearance.

Ada Reis remained gazing upon a vacant space, Fiormonda in the same attitude stood for a moment in breathless terror: a loud noise from without was heard, it was as of the tramp of steeds and clash of arms. A flash from the eagle-eye of Kabkarra was felt as he rushed into the apartment, even before he had fixed its triumphant glance upon Fiormonda. His

long dark hair streamed wildly over his still darker mantle, as, springing forward with a leap, he shouted, "I have conquered, and won! Give me my bride! Mount, mount, Ada Reis; my horses wait for you. Fly! for there is not a moment to be lost, the Pasha's guards already surround these walls; fly! or meet a fate you cannot avert." An explosion, like the blowing up of a mine, took place whilst he was yet speaking. "I have saved you by setting fire to your house. Ha! ha! do you tremble? Away, then!"

As he spoke, flames broke forth on every side, and, amidst the deep smoke, the dark form of Kabkarra appeared terrible. Screams rent the air from distracted females; muskets were fired at random, dogs howled, slaves ran, whilst the clash of swords resounded on every side. The nuba sounded from without, and the song of "Loo" announced the Bey; elephants were seen advancing in procession, torches glared in the garden; the inhabitants were gathered together, around the door the wild cry of the Arabs attacking the Bey's guards and blacks now overpowered every

other noise. Ada Reis was seized and bound, and placed behind an Arab on his horse. Fiormonda was borne away in the arms of Kabkarra, upon his white mare Oriah, whilst Shaffou Paca, hoarsely calling for assistance, was tied upon a mule, and conveyed likewise through darkness and distance, until they reached the coast, where they were all hurried into a boat, which was waiting there.

The men rowed from the shore; the sea was tempestuous; a dense fog obscured every object; the groans of Shaffou Paca alone disturbed the silence. Ada Reis saw that it was vain to resist; Fiormonda became insensible; Shaffou Paca fell into a trance. "Women," Ada Reis remarks, always have recourse to these practices in every difficulty, but they seldom die, being of all animals the most tenacious of life." He thought, however, that Fiormonda had been dead, and he said so.

"Then let her die," replied Kabkarra, insultingly, "a melancholy monument of your tyranny, her own imprudence, and my ardent love."

"Do as you will," said Ada Reis, who found

himself on the open sea, in the power of a young Arab chief. " Do as you will, since we are entirely at your mercy."

" I cannot," said Kabkarra, " powerful as you may think me, take possession of Fiormonda by the law of force ; I shall wait and watch for her own consent."

" You seem in no way restrained in the mean time," said Ada Reis, " and I therefore conceive you will do whatever you like to do."

" And so shall you," said Kabkarra ; " I desire you will, therefore, give me your commands. Some like to know their future fate ; yours runs thus : Your polacca is at hand ; your men, by my order, await you ; you will hasten hence, and sail for Spain ; you will proceed from thence to the New World, for thither lies your destined course ; and there the promised diadem awaits you."

" You are then a real friend, after all," said Ada Reis ; " but, like one, you must acknowledge, you generally do just the thing which is most disagreeable; yet we shall meet again, I hope."

" We shall meet again," said Kabkarra,

"upon a dreadful night, just five years hence, when this lovely flower, the admiration of all men, has forgotten the lover of her childhood. Yes, we shall meet again! Remember the hour, and the night, and the time of year in which the blood of Bianca di Castamela flowed. Upon such a night, whilst gazing on the sultry skies at the fort of Callao, we shall meet. Farewell! And as to thee, mother," continued Kabkarra, laughing, and fiercely shaking Shaffou Paca, "watch thy charge better; let no Phaos come betwixt her and me."

So saying, the Arabs and their leader gave a shout. It was returned from a distance. They neared a vessel: Ada Reis, Shaffou Paca, and Fiormonda, were placed upon the deck of it. The word Kabkarra was now pronounced at once by a number of voices on board, and Ada Reis found himself in his own polacca with all his crew around him. They had received orders for sailing, as they said, from the Bey, who had shown them their own Reis's signet-ring: every thing was on board; Ada Reis's jewels, goods, coins,

in short, all he most valued, even Fiormonda's marriage presents; all but the chessmen, and the gifts of Zamohr. Before he could enough rejoice at this event, he turned round to thank Kabkarra; but he was gone. The boat at a distance appeared in relief from the thick fog and white waves, and it seemed as if dæmons formed its crew.

Fiormonda slowly recovered; she asked a thousand questions, and wept with regret when she heard they had left for ever the land in which they had so long sojourned. The thought too of never more seeing her young lover, the loss of his gifts, with the confused remembrance of the strange events which had taken place, which appeared now like the delirium of fever, all tended to disquiet her mind; but great emotions, like little ones, pass away; and grief, if it kill not soon, gives place in young minds to new interests; yet still Fiormonda from time to time vented her regrets. "What a long, long way it is, dear father," she would say, as the light galley proceeded.

"It is a long way, fair child," Ada Reis

would reply; "but happiness and greatness await us where we are going."

"And shall we never more see our own beautiful country?"

"We shall see other countries no doubt more beautiful," replied Ada Reis.

"I hope so," she would add; "for I pine for the sight of land."

CHAPTER XV.

In the course of the voyage, a sailor chanced to disobey a command which Ada Reis had given him: in his fury, even before Fiormonda's eyes, he caused him to be strangled: "And thus die," he cried, "all such as dare oppose me!" Immediately, and (as Fiormonda thought) in consequence of this rash and cruel conduct, a storm arose; the thunder roared, the lightning flashed, and the tremendous waves rolled, as it were, mountains high.

Amidst the terrors of the tempest, they beheld a little galley dashed to and fro by the violence of the sea. "Breakers a-head!" cried the affrighted sailors, as Ada Reis, roaring out his hoarse commands, steered his vessel calmly forward amidst the general uproar and alarm; but suddenly the stranger vessel struck upon a rock, and the shrieks of the drowning passengers rent the air. Amidst the sinking crew of that little galley,

one man was observed at times, with lifted head, labouring amongst the waves, and driven towards them by the strong current, and imploring assistance. "Oh, save him! Ada Reis," said Fiormonda, kneeling before her father, and clinging to him, "save him, it shall expiate the blood already shed." Ada Reis ordered a cord to be thrown out; the fearless youth, braving the winds and waves, every moment approached the galley: at length he grasped the rope, and, after a severe struggle, was drawn safely towards the polacca, and with the assistance offered to him, soon reached the deck. His thanks to Ada Reis were energetic; some also he gave to the beautiful child, whose agitation for his safety he had marked. The storm soon abated, and the voyage continued prosperous from that day. The stranger was also, he said, bound for Spain, and as eager to land in that fair and rich country as Ada Reis could be; fortunate it was, also, he had friends in Madrid, and could be of material use to his preservers.

The name, by which the young stranger

called himself, was Condulmar. He was of Venetian origin, but had passed many years in South America; he had also resided in Spain: he spoke all languages with facility, and appeared to have been nearly as great a traveller as Ada Reis. He answered Fiormonda's most difficult questions, with an intelligence and grace which delighted her, though with some reserve; he seemed perfectly conversant with America, and was of considerable use to Ada Reis, in pointing out to him in what manner most speedily to gain his intended object in going into that country. Power and personal safety were all which Ada Reis now sought, for wealth he possessed even beyond his wishes. Condulmar appeared to know intimately the Spanish Viceroy, so that he could facilitate Ada Reis's views in every respect, and thought, by doing so, only to show his grateful sense of the kindness done him in his former perilous adventure.

After a short and prosperous voyage they all arrived in safety at their destined harbour.

The young Count Condulmar more than fulfilled his promises. Fiormonda was admired by every one at the Spanish court. Ada Reis made such purchases as he thought necessary; exchanged his vessel for a sloop, better fitted for so long a voyage; and hearing with pleasure that Condulmar was anxious to accompany him, they set out for Carthagena, with every favourable prospect before them.

At this period two great wars engrossed the attention of the new and of the old world. England had declared hostilities against Spain; Vernon had already invested the town of Porto Bello; Anson was employed in blockading Panama; when the cry was heard at Xauxa, beyond Tarma, and the Indians making one desperate effort to regain their independence, from hill to hill, from plain to plain lighted their watch fires, and gave the secret signal of union and rebellion to each other, in order the more successfully to attack their common enemy; even to the very walls of Lima they pushed their efforts, albeit in vain. Tyranny

triumphed; they were repulsed—subjected once more to the Spanish yoke; and many of their wretched chiefs, when taken alive, thrown into the prisons of the inquisition.

CHAPTER XVI.

Dangerous is it for the young and the beautiful to take long voyages or long journeys together; side by side they are placed near to each other, and have greater opportunities of confidential intercourse than may fall to their lot during whole years at home. On board of the vessel Fiormonda necessarily saw much of Condulmar.

Ada Reis had leisure to hear some of the history of his new acquaintance, who had met, it seemed, with many very singular adventures, although he was still in the first vigour of youth and manhood. He was not at all times, however, in a mood to relate even to Ada Reis all he had heard and seen; he was, for the most part, mournful, and he did but half open his thoughts to his companions: there was an impenetrable depth Ada Reis could not fathom: if looked upon suddenly, there was a bitter smile upon his countenance; and when Ada Reis, speaking of the unfor-

tunate violence of his temper and passions, acknowledged to what lengths they were in the habit of leading him, Condulmar looked down, and sighed, seeming to acknowledge, that his own violence was greater. To some it is a pleasure to communicate their thoughts: great travellers, in general, require no long acquaintance before they open their minds to the companions whom they meet with; experience has taught them to know at once the degree to which they may trust such temporary confidants; and the great variety of characters they have partially studied in their career, gives them a general and immediate knowledge of the disposition of each chance associate. Of some, however, neither time, nor much acquaintance with men, nor long habits of the world, are able entirely to conquer the settled and obdurate reserve. This dissimilarity of disposition was strongly marked in the different deportments of Ada Reis and Condulmar. Ada Reis was gay, free, fearless, and in a short time had informed his companion of nearly every thing which had befallen him. Condulmar, on the contrary,

was distant, cold, and haughty; seldom speaking of himself or his own affairs, and impenetrable when questioned. Yet, after a time, he suffered his coldness to give way, and more particularly when conversing with Fiormonda, he relaxed from his austerity; his conversation then grew animated; a light vein of satire ran throughout it, and a not unpleasing contempt for the things of this life. His thoughts were all original and just, though the tone given to them, by some deep inward feeling, was of a bitter and melancholic nature.

Fiormonda, confiding and ardent, listened often with admiration and delight to his remarks. She remained alone with him upon the deck enjoying the freshness of the morning, and the softer coolness of the evening. He pleased her with descriptions of countries he had seen, and cities which appeared to her most singular; but above all, he sang to her; and his voice, deep, wild, and full, seemed to have power to calm every tumultuous emotion in her impetuous mind; yet he sang to her of wars, of bloody deeds, of ambitious

hopes, of rebellion, of lawless love ; and he imitated the wild war-whoop of the native Indians, who had resisted the power of Spain and the dominion of the Incas.

It is difficult to give any idea of days passed thus, and of nights, when every star shone forth with particular lustre ;—when the sea-breeze, soft and cool, refreshed and invigorated the frame,—these were perilous moments for Fiormonda. She had hitherto been assailed by mysterious beings, by enchanters, necromancers; she was now with an associate far more dangerous ; and as Condulmar bent over her, and spoke, her young heart repeated every word he uttered. In return for his songs she showed him the presents she had received from the Bey, and the girdle of jewels which Kabkarra had given her. At that name he started ; " Is it possible !" he said, " can it be that you also have known that monster ! no words of mine are sufficient to paint his perfidy and his atrocity." As he said this the tears filled his eyes, and with a look of almost indescribable tenderness, he said he could not think of the danger she had

been in, nor of the ruin Kabkarra had caused to thousands, without horror. " The properties of his gifts are but too well known to me," he added; " they are full of danger: these jewels, for example, when worn near the inexperienced heart, excite the passions and inflame the imagination; and need you these? Alas! some sorcerer first invented these charms to pervert innocent and credulous maids."

" How can things like these affect the mind," said Fiormonda.

" Know you then of what the mind is composed, that you ask this? Until it be found of what the mind and soul be formed, it is in vain to pretend that material objects cannot affect them. As the amber and the load-stone possess the property of attracting certain matter, so congenial minds exercise a mutual and reciprocal influence. Were I, for example, at whatsoever distance, to think of you, ah! believe, Fiormonda, although the many would doubt it, that you also would think of me, and, as it were, feel my presence? I could prove this to you, by the history of one who

died; but it is a mournful history, and you, my innocent child, must not be made unhappy yet. To return, therefore, to these pernicious gifts; Kabkarra's power is imparted to these jewels; they are, as it were, impregnated with his sentiments for you; and they, being criminal, to place these around your heart will be to excite in that heart a desperate struggle, and to subject it to a severe and doubtful trial."

"I can never feel other than fear of him," said Fiormonda.

"Fear is one of the sure forerunners of love, if, indeed, it be not rather his follower and companion," said Condulmar. "I had as lieve you feared me, as that you loved me."

"Indeed!" As she said this, she met his eyes, and felt confused.

"You think your feelings violent, though short-lived," he said, with a smile; but I rather doubt their intensity as well as their durability."

"I would I did not feel at all," said Fiormonda, piqued at these taunts; "I feel with a violence which you would not credit; that

which causes but little delight to another makes me happy; a fine day or a smile from one I love; and, on the contrary, even a harsh word makes me miserable."

"Shall I take thee, fair child," said Condulmar with a bitter smile, "as we are journeying to the new world, shall I take thee to drink of the waters of Guancaveli,[37] so boasted of by the Peruvians? the houses on its banks are built from its petrifactions. If you would cease to feel, come thither with me."

"If you thus deride me, and laugh at me, I shall fear you as well as Kabkarra."

"All fear me," said Condulmar, mournfully, "none love me. I stand alone, like the manzanillo, or the lordly metapalo, whose very growth slays and impoverishes all around; yet will you attach yourself to me, Fiormonda. Heaven knows, I wish it not; but so it is decreed: it will give me pain, and it will cause your destruction."

"Good heaven!" she answered, "what can you mean?"

"What can I mean?" said he, tenderly pressing her hand to his lips.

"It is no matter," she replied, embarrassed. "I wish not even to inquire."

"Alas!" he said, "could you know who I am."

"Tell me who you are? What has been your history? You have told me many things, speak to me now of yourself. I like to hear of wonders and adventures; and as you say I am to love you, that will be the way to my heart, I assure you, for it made me almost like Kabkarra."

"Name him no more," said Condulmar, frowning, "he did no more than I have done."

"You have been a great traveller, I know," said Fiormonda: "tell me, as you did the other day, what you have seen?"

"I have seen the wonders of the country you soon shall see; I have been where the high mountains of granite take place of the blue hills in Pendelon,—and there I have gathered adamantine spar as it fell from the moon; in Virginia I have eat of the fruit of that tree, which makes fools of men; and I, like Kabkarra, have laughed with those who

had eaten of it, although it affected me not: but I watched the multitude until they became stupified with their own buffooneries.[38] Ah, cannot the fruit of the vine make men mad in other countries beside Virginia? I have bathed, at night, in the Gulf of Cariaco, and my body has become like a stream of light:[39] will you see this wonder upon the waves by night? Stay by me; and I will show you the vessel, as it cleaves the waters, shining as it were with fire. In Pennsylvania, fair child, I have played upon the soft clarionet, and an hundred echoes have answered to the strain:[40] will you go thither with me? There shall I hear the voice of many Fiormondas—now the world contains for me but one. In Cumana I have slept in the cavern of Guachero,[41] and my voice has joined with the shrill screams of the night-birds, lamenting for ill deeds past: will you go there with me, and see the bright and cold stalactites pendent from the vault, and the gigantic trees which surround it? Thousands of night-birds shriek there, and the foot of man has never penetrated beyond; all is silent and dark on the outside of

that grot, but the vault within is full of light."

"Oh! look not thus when you describe it," said Fiormonda, "for I am weak and timid, and to hear you makes me tremble. Tell me of diamonds, and gold, and fair ladies; speak, as you did the other evening, of the silver hill of Parimée,[42] and the Eldorado;[43] but say no more of these things."

Condulmar smiled. "The gold and the diamonds," he said, "were I to tell of them, have produced scenes of greater misery and deeper terror, child, than these. What is the cry of the night-bird, or the drowsy hum of the zumbadore in the desert, to the horrors Potosi, Durangar, Guadalaxara, have caused? Remember that the mountains, where mines of silver have been found, generate likewise the arsenic and the deadly poison.[44] Thou, Lake of Guativa,[45] art witness of this; thou, into whose waters the poor Indians cast the hateful ore, which drew upon them the murderous spirit of the Spaniards; and thou, Lake of Ibara, art red with the blood of the murdered."[46]

"Still," said Fiormonda, "you speak of horrors. Sing, then, if you cannot speak more kindly; I love to hear you: sing to me the song of the Indian chief, who sung amidst his tortures, destroyed by him who conquered his body, not his spirit."

"I would do so," said Condulmar, "but, alas! I begin to fear I am more enslaved, more subdued, than the young Indian."

"Leave, then, the Indian," said Fiormonda, "and sing to me, as you once did, the return of the English De Vaux to his own country: that song, which expresses how the heart, which amidst crimes and perils had never been touched by remorse, or shaken by fear, sunk and broke under its own reflections in the hour of quiet and security."

Condulmar obeyed.

Sir Henry de Vaux came across the sea,
To visit his native clime;
A face like an angel of light had he,
But his heart it was sear'd by crime.

He stood on his castle tower to gaze
O'er the scenes which he long had left;

And a thought came o'er him of happier days,
  Ere his heart was of hope bereft.

The stream flow'd through that peaceful vale.
  The birds sung through a cloudless sky;
And the calm around, and the soft fresh gale,
  But increased his agony.

A tear then fell from that proud dark eye,
  A tear of remorse or regret,
"My will is a law," he cried, "then why—
  Why cannot I learn to forget?

"The lightning, which blasted yon aged tree,
  Is deem'd but the fire of Heaven,
The storm which roars o'er the raging sea
  Little heeds where the wreck is driven.

"All Nature's works to evil are prone,
  Yet lose not their beauty or power;
Man only remembers the ill he has done,
  And laments it in bitter hour.

"I have fought when the desperate fight ran high,
  And the plain was dyed with blood,
I have sail'd when danger and death were nigh,
  But unmoved, unappall'd I stood.

"I have drank of pleasure the fatal draught,
  I have given to passion the rein;

With the scoffer I've scoff'd—with the infidel laugh'd,
And reason has warn'd me in vain.

" I have felt the extremes of joy and grief,
And delighted in every excess ;
I have languish'd in sickness and sought relief;
Been wrong'd, and have found redress.

" I have loved to madness, and writhed with hate,
Yet no shade has obscured my brow ;
I have struggled, and even triumph'd o'er fate,
But I never have felt till now.

" Oh ! the pain that I feel with such deadly force,
That it strikes through my burning brain :
'Tis the pain of the soul—despair—remorse—
There is none can endure such pain.

" 'Tis the voice of an angry God that cries,
Till it harrows the mind within :
'Tis the worm of the heart that never dies—
'Tis the memory of sin.

" What to me that I've wander'd through many a track,
And return'd with a wondrous store?
I am stretch'd, as it were, on a fiery rack,
And the day of enjoyment is o'er.

" What to me that my victims were young and bright.
Or lovely, or ardent, or true?

I but sought them their beauty and freshness to blight,
And I left them their frailty to rue."

Sir Henry de Vaux sank low on his knee,
The light of his countenance fell :—
"In Heaven," he cried, "is there hope for me,
Since I've sold myself to Hell?

"Oh! I am grown weak as the sickly child,
That moans on its nurse's breast,
And would, that like him, I could be beguiled,
And soothed for one moment to rest.

"The fiends are waiting—my brain is on fire—
My life and my courage are gone.
Of the thousands who flatter'd each rash desire,
To obey my last wish is there none?"

There was one, when he spoke, who stood by his side,
And received his dying behest;
In that self-same hour Sir Henry died.—
Now God give his soul good rest!

When Condulmar had finished, he turned to look upon Fiormonda; she was sad, she knew not wherefore. They can effect much who have the power to touch and move the heart, to draw forth tears, and to lead us to mingle our grief and sympathy with theirs;

but these sad and solemn companions are after all not so very dangerous as they are supposed to be. They are more to be dreaded who can, at their pleasure, make us laugh ; who banish melancholy from our minds, and quicken with gaiety and spirit the lingering course of life. Condulmar possessed this talent, as well as the other : he could divert and amuse as well as affect : he knew how to excite every feeling and passion ; and as he had no other object to interest him, he devoted his time at present entirely to Fiormonda : he won her by the flattery of attention to her opinions : he struck her with amazement at the adventures he related : he filled her with curiosity : he entirely engrossed her with solicitude and interest. The air of incoherency, of strangeness, of something approaching even to derangement, which sate upon his countenance, compelled her to watch the changes of his expression ; and he, upon his part, sometimes attended her with the greatest solicitude ; sometimes turned from her with careless neglect ; sometimes reproved her with severe admonition ; sometimes appalled her

with the dark look of sullen anger; and then again re-assured her with all the fascination of a lover's smile. His power by this means became unbounded over her mind. Had she been less innocent, less pure, to what perversion had not such a companion led her. But she was of a noble and high nature, which utterly refused to receive the taint of evil; and the worst sentiment she cherished was growing love. She was, however, as many children are, restless, and at times violent: one day she resisted her father's orders, Condulmar approached her—"I love you the better," he said, "for this spirit of independence; but if you resist me, I will draw from the lake of the valley of Orcos[47] the famous gold chain which the Inca Huana Capac made, and placed there upon the birth of his son Huescar, to confine you. When I saw you first, I thought you fair and gentle; but, like the calm lake of Xicaragua,[48] from whose bosom the mountain Omotepec shoots forth its volumes of flames, your angel semblance, I find, is much disfigured by passion. I will, however, tame you. Know you not that I am

destined to be your master? You shall travel with me, and see new worlds." An eager glance of hope now lighted Fiormonda's countenance. "I have been," Condulmar said, "where the workings of the mind and heart are visible to the eye, and thought is seen even as it emanates from the soul; and I have been where vice disfigures the body visibly, so that the fairest creature in a day may become monstrous, losing with her virtue each bright natural grace and charm, which before captivated admiring crowds. Will you come with me to that country?"

Fiormonda coloured, and said she should be sorry to go thither; for, conscious that her errors were numberless, so would be, in that case, her deformities.

"But then what delight," replied Condulmar, "to correct the blemishes of your person, by amending the defects of your heart. Passion, for example," he said, "renders you at times unlovely."

"And you terrible," said Fiormonda.

Alas! she little guessed to what fearful lengths these feelings would soon carry her.

She was no longer the happy child she had been; thoughts impressed her mind above her years, and her heart beat in tumult: passions, fierce and wild, had already awakened her imagination; and even sleep, the innocent tranquil sleep of childhood, fled.

"You are the first upon deck," one day she said, addressing Condulmar; "and yet at night we leave you there: do you, who know every thing, know of nothing to make those sleep who cannot sleep? Tell me of it, if you do, for of late my spirit is unquiet, and my eyes close not: I used to sleep so well, that night appeared to me but as a moment; for as soon as I was asleep, they said it was time to rise."

"You were happy," said Condulmar, with a sigh, "when you rested thus: they who sleep are blessed, were they never to wake again; but as for me—" and he put his hand to his head, and looked thoughtfully away for some moments, then continued—"I am the last in the world of whom you should make this inquiry. But, child, my fair child! I know you can sleep; for yesterday evening I

awakened you by passing a feather over your mouth, when sleeping on the deck, and you smiled, and said you had not slept. Many say so and yet cannot be thus easily awakened; it is the common cant of fine ladies."

"But," said Fiormonda, whose cheeks were pale with the restless fever which tormented her, "I am not a fine lady: I know of none of these things; I speak from the heart only, and therefore I am not believed. Oh, I was happy, and rested once securely, and trusted myself, whilst I slept, to Him who made me."

r "The flowers and plants sleep, sweet one," epli ed Condulmar: the vegetable world enjoys this state of blessedness. At regular and stated periods the plants send forth their odoriferous emanations, then fold themselves up in their silken leaves; infants enjoy repose; all nature is harmonized: but where the spirit s pertur bed, it cannot rest. Fiormonda, you who ask of me to teach you how to regain that tranquil sleep of which I have robbed you; would that you, who say you cannot sleep, could grant me one hour of that repose from which I aroused you yesterday!"

" And yet," said she, smilingly, " I am not unhappy, only I am disturbed ; for I dreamt when I slept yesterday, and it is as fatiguing as not sleeping at all. I dreamt an ugly dream, which made me uncomfortable : yet I saw you in my dream ; but, Condulmar, when I did see you, you frightened me, for your eyes looked upon me as if you loved me not."

" Can such as you are dream?" said Condulmar, with a look of surprise. " Come, tell me, child of my heart, what is it you dreamt of ; I am curious to know."

" Last night," said Fiormonda, " I thought I was in a plain, and there were wild beasts, and animals, and birds, and fish, and every sort of living thing, all staring upon me : it was a horrid dream, and I thought you stood in the midst, and your eyes glared upon me, till they awakened me by their power."

" If my eyes were not fixed upon you, my thoughts were," he said, mournfully ; " and yet I warn you, and remember that I do so—better were it for you to listen to the love Kabkarra professed—nay, better, in truth, were it for you to hide yourself in some cell,

and die there; the greedy vulture alone permitted to prey upon those opening beauties, than to know me, for I am—"

"Oh! say, what are you?" interrupted Fiormonda.

"I am miserable," said Condulmar, striking his hand upon his heart. "But even this hard heart acknowledges the beauty of innocence, and bows before a child."

"What I am—may'st thou never know—
A friend, perchance—perchance a foe.
Yet thou art pure, and need'st not dread
Either the living or the dead.
The living dare not injure thee;
The dead awake alone for me.
Thy earthly senses cannot hear
The strains which oft times glad my ear;
Thy power of vision may not see
The passing shades which flit by me.—
Hark! even now, I hear the choirs
Of cherub angels strike their lyres,
As borne aloft on silver wing
To Heaven, they songs of triumph sing.
For me, alas! how sad the strain—
It bids me never hope again:
Unbless'd, alone, when all is still,
And the mind fears and fancies ill;

When thy young eyes are closed in sleep,
I gaze upon the boundless deep;
For then a thousand phantoms drear
Upon the dark calm waves appear,
All pale and cold. The drown'd, the dead,
Arise from out their watery bed,
Filling the bosom of the sea,
As it were one vast cemetery.

"Ah! start not, sweet one! what I say
Is but to wile the time away;
Let not my words distress thy heart,
Thou know'st too well how dear thou art.
I'll tell thee now of cities rare,
Of gallant knights, and ladies fair;
I wish alone to make thee smile,
And the long dreary way beguile.
I've made thee weep—I'll soothe thy tears—
See tranquil now the moon appears,
Upon the softly swelling sea—
Her silver rays shine forth for thee.
Go to thy couch, thou gentle one;
Go, and I'll watch whilst thou art gone.
Child of my heart! beware of sin;
Let not the wily tempter in:
Fly him, by fate and passion driven,
And fix thy early faith in Heaven.
Yet would'st thou, my beloved! know
What my grief is, and whence my woe?—

'Tis that these eyes can never weep,
'Tis that this spirit cannot sleep!"

* * * * * * * *

"What mean you, Condulmar?—say," said Fiormonda interrupting him—"What is it which makes you look so fearfully around, and seem so sad?"

"Remorse feeds on my heart in the still night,
When gloomy dreams the weaken'd soul affright;
When thoughts their mournful constant vigils keep,
Remorse feeds on my heart, and will not let me sleep;
When the all-glorious sun arises bright,
Remorse appals me, and I fly its light.
Nature in vain looks beautiful for me;
One fearful spectre every where I see:
Thy words are daggers, thy caresses death;
I catch but poison from thy balmy breath;
Thy infant smile, what can it now impart?—
'Tis a last ray of hope to cheer a broken heart."

Fiormonda wept; and Condulmar, seeing that he had again given her pain, endeavoured to soothe and to amuse her.

Thus as the swift vessel pursued its course over the vast ocean, Fiormonda's passions, like the rolling waves, backwards and forwards,

ebbed and flowed. Love, in all its first delights, opened within that warm and guileless heart. Reason in vain opposed the growing infatuation :—of religion (her only safeguard) she knew little. Various were the impetuous feelings which alternately possessed her mind: like the frail beings who wander along the earth, she was already their victim. Still time passed on, and the vessel, emblem of time, pursued its way.

At length the New World burst upon their view. They gazed ; they neared the land. They entered their destined harbour, and were received with every mark of respect and consideration. Ada Reis had letters from the Spanish government, which strongly recommended him to the protection of the viceroy. The sums he had advanced to the consulado gave him at once a free passport, and made him of considerable consequence : his talents, his haughtiness, his courage, enhanced these credentials; and the splendour in which he made his first appearance attracted around him many a flatterer.

CHAPTER XVII.

Such were the principal events of the life of Ada Reis, according to the MS., up to the period when he settled in America, where, during three years, he became an active agent to the Spanish government. He landed his cargo at the Guayaquil; his treasures were considerable: he conveyed them safely across the country to Lima.

Fiormonda was now no longer a beautiful child, but a lovely and accomplished girl, heiress of immense riches, and surrounded by adoring suitors.

Ada Reis had established himself at Lima; he had purchased a magnificent house near the viceroy's palace; he lived in splendour; he dedicated much of his time to the cultivation of Fiormonda's mind, who grew every day more and more beautiful, but likewise more fond of power and admiration; he had hitherto kept her strictly according to the customs of the country he had left, seldom permitting

her to be seen by any but female eyes. "An imperial crown awaits her:" these words, and the promise of himself being King, rendered him proud, and regardless of all the offers of marriage repeatedly made to her. Yet Condulmar was permitted to attend her. All who knew, all who saw, lamented the impression the young adventurer had made upon the heart of so beautiful a girl, and so great an heiress.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It is not the city of Lima, as it now is, that Ada Reis describes; he speaks of the wonder of South America, the city of the kings, as Lima was called in the days of her glory, and not of her in her fallen state. He tells of times gone by, when magnificence and opulence were displayed in her feasts; and knights and scholars, and fair ladies, adorned the capital of so large a portion of the western world. He tells of her vast riches, of her splendid buildings, her wealthy citizens, and the gay brilliancy of their assemblies; her processions and theatres; her bull-fights, hunting-matches, and revellings; her steeds, unmatched for strength and dexterity: much, too, he dwells upon the beauty of the surrounding country, abundant in wine, grain, fruit, and flowers, wool, cotton, and silks, and rich perfumes; he speaks of her mines of precious ore and jewelleries; her seas abounding in pearls;

and her great rivers, which water the rich country around.

The city of Lima was founded by Don Francisco Pizarro, on the feast of Epiphany, 1535. It is situated in the spacious and delightful valley of Rimac—Rimac being the name of an idol to which the native Indians used to offer sacrifice under the Incas: and as this idol was supposed to return answers to the prayers addressed to it, it was called Rimac, from an Indian word, meaning, properly, he who speaks.

Lima, once the capital of Peru, commands the prospect of a country diversified by rivers and mountains, adorned by forests and groves of olives, orange and lemon trees. Northward, though at a considerable distance, runs the Cordillera, or chain of the Andes, from whence some of the hills project into the valley, the nearest of which are those of St. Christopher and the Amancaes. The river in its course approaches the very walls of the city: a superb stone bridge is built over it; at one end of which a gate, remarkable for its architecture, forms the principal entrance

into the town, and leads to the great square. In the centre of the square is a fountain, from which the purest water is thrown up by the trumpet of a bronze statue of Fame, and is also poured from the mouths of eight lions which surround it. Here, every morning, Ada Reis informs us, flower-girls and market-women, with their mules, and runa Llamas,[49] stationed themselves with baskets filled with vegetables, fresh flowers, and fruit, whilst singers and dancers enlivened the scene. The young, the rich, and the fair, in their carriages, or on horseback, assembled thither before their morning and evening drives, to purchase flowers. The east side of the square is filled with noble buildings: there stand the archiepiscopal palace; the cathedral, a massive structure without, and within adorned with paintings, sculpture, and magnificent altars: there also is the palace of the viceroy, in which are the several courts of justice, together with the offices of revenue; whilst on the west, the council-house and city prison face the cathedral. The south is reserved for private houses, erected upon

an uniform plan beneath regular colonnades.

The government of the viceroy is triennial; but at the expiration of that term, the sovereign has power to prolong it. The office is of the highest dignity and importance; he who holds it enjoys all the privileges of royalty; he is absolute in all things, civil, military, or fiscal; to him are subordinate all the tribunals for executing the several functions of government: so that the power of this employment is equal to the dignity of the title; and the pride, and pomp, and expenditure of the viceroys of Peru were in those days proverbial.

Ada Reis alone exceeded these temporary sovereigns in profusion and magnificence, and was wont to say carelessly, that were the appointment offered to him he would disdain it. He had, indeed, assumed the symbols of royalty; his slaves were dressed in superb Eastern dresses, and he had hampers to guard his palace, such as are employed in the service of the Pasha of Tripoly: he had, besides, other adherents from different

countries, so as to form a considerable retinue. Notwithstanding which, it was sometimes his pleasure to ride about the city or into the neighbouring country alone and unattended. His daughter was seldom seen, and never went into public, except closely veiled.

But, as it may be supposed, this concealment only increased the report of her extraordinary beauty, so that little was talked of in Lima but Fiormonda. She was called at times the Kebbiera[50] of Tripoly (the greatest of princesses), and at others, the beautiful Calabrian.

Suitors were on all points vying for the acknowledged and only heiress of all Ada Reis's immense wealth. Don Antonio de la Cerda, and the Marquis de Santa Spina, were ever on the watch to seize the first occasion of urging their pretensions—all persons of the highest rank, whose homage any other lady in Lima would have received with gladness, paid obeisance, for Fiormonda's sake, to Ada Reis; and, amongst the many who, morning after morning, watched impatiently in the

public square for the chance of a moment's interview, the most distinguished of all her suitors was Alphonso, Duke of Montevallos. He never had spoken, but she was well aware of his feelings—Love needs not the intervention of language; a single glance can communicate the sentiment of the heart as fully and more forcibly than words. Fiormonda knew his passion; and with that passion it is not in the nature of woman, however innocent, however modest, or however pre-occupied, to be offended or displeased.

The Duke of Montevallos, though not so rich as many of those who were anxious to offer themselves to the notice of Fiormonda, was absorbed in family pride; he was connected with the royal family of Spain; he had fifty titles. His ancestors had risen from their tombs in horror, could they have now heard and credited that he entertained even an idea of lowering his Castilian blood by uniting it with that of the illegitimate daughter of an Algerine merchant; yet was he seen wandering, at early dawn, and of an evening

late, in the public walk called the *à la Mode*, between the rows of orange and lemon-trees, or strolling along the banks of the river, whither the calashes conveyed all the youth and beauty of Lima, to enjoy at that hour the balmy and refreshing air, and eagerly did he watch there, in the hope of catching a single glimpse of Fiormonda's form as she passed.

If by chance she appeared in the great square, where the ladies assemble to purchase, almost at any price, the most valued and precious of plants, the chirimoya,[51] for which there is much rivalship, the largest sums being given for a single blossom, to her the fairest and most fragrant were instantly presented by the young Duke; and envy itself durst hardly murmur at the preference he showed her, so cautiously and coldly did she receive his proffered gifts. Yet, although she frequented so little the public places of meeting, she drove often into the country, beyond the extensive gardens which for miles around adorn the environs of Lima, as far even as the golden hills of the Amancaes, to

gather the yellow flowers which first gave them their name.

By some it was, however, suspected, that neither the flowers nor the beauty of the country were the objects which led her to such a distance: it was rumoured, that notwithstanding the general reserve and even pride of her demeanour to the Duke and to her other admirers, these excursions gave her the opportunity of meeting and conversing with Condulmar.

The young Duke was perfectly ignorant that he even had a rival; he hesitated to declare his passion for Fiormonda to Ada Reis simply upon the knowledge that such an alliance would never be suffered by his friends. He was to have returned with the last envoy to his native country, where his mother eagerly awaited his being of age, to unite his hand in marriage with a kinswoman of her own noble parentage and fortune. He hesitated, he delayed: at length he resolved to wait one month longer at Lima, upon the pretext of witnessing the entry of the new viceroy into the city; at which time

he was informed Fiormonda would be presented to the public, and allowed to mingle in the gaieties which take place at that period. The Duke of Montevallos was well known to the new viceroy; he had visited him twice at Chili since his residence in America, and his mother had in some measure placed him under his care.

CHAPTER XIX.

Of all the solemnities observed in America, the public entry of the viceroy into the city of Lima was considered as the most splendid. Nothing was to be seen in the days to which we have gone back, on this occasion, but gilded carriages, the greatest pomp of retinue, the most laboured magnificence of apparel, in each of which the families of old Spain and the native nobility vied with the most profuse and eager emulation, and every thing was now preparing for the celebration of this day. For at this period, Don Joseph Manso de Velasco, Count of Superunda, knight of the order of Santiago, and late governor of Chili, had arrived to assume the viceroyalty of Peru, to which he had been appointed on the 12th of July, 1745. According to custom, he remained at the fort of Callao[52] until the day fixed upon for his grand entrance into the city of Lima. Here he was waited upon by all the Spanish and native

grandees, and here he inquired of one of the officers of his predecessor's suite, who it was whose superb state-liveries and richly-caparisoned steeds had attracted his attention. "The arms in particular," said Don Joseph, "are singular; for I, being somewhat read in heraldry, know them to be the sigil of Melchior, one of the three Magi kings."

"It is Ada Reis," replied the Marquis de Santa Spina, "a merchant of Tripoly, or, as some say, an Algerine Reis—a singular personage, who has made millions. He has been resident in America these three years past. He is supposed to be the richest subject in Lima. He is of great use in the consulado, to which he has at times advanced considerable sums of money. He has agents at Quito, Carthagena, Porto-Bello, and indeed in every province and city belonging to his most Catholic Majesty; and these agents purchase the first of every thing at the greatest price, which gives a life and spirit to commerce, of late much needed."

The result of this information was the highly-respectful and gracious reception with

which the new viceroy greeted Ada Reis upon his first presentation. Nor was he less struck with his conversation and manner, than he had been before with his magnificence, insomuch that he insisted upon his accompanying him that evening to the theatre,[53] where the ladies, all veiled in their usual dress, were admitted, according to custom, in order that they might have an opportunity of seeing the new viceroy. He had, however, brought with him a formidable rival, who withdrew from him much of the public attention, for all female eyes, in particular, were fixed upon the wonderful, the beautiful, the magnificent Ada Reis, who but seldom appeared in public, and had only once before visited Callao. A young man, who some said was his son, and others a noble Venetian, stood near him: his countenance was peculiar; the expression varied every moment, as if his thoughts were painted in their passage across his dark intellectual brow. Don Joseph Manso eagerly inquired who he was. He had accompanied Ada Reis, it was believed, from his own country; he inhabited his present residence at

Lima, was ever with him, and was supposed to be the intended husband of the beautiful Fiormonda. " And his name?" said the viceroy.

" It is Condulmar."

" And Fiormonda?"

" She never appears in public."

The ensuing day being appointed for the viceroy's public entry into Lima, the streets of the city were cleared, and hung with tapestry; and triumphal arches were erected at proper distances. At two in the afternoon, the viceroy went to hear mass, and meet his predecessor, at the church belonging to the monastery of Mont serrat,[54] which was separated, by a triumphal gate, from the street where the cavalcade was to begin.

As soon as all who were to assist in the procession had assembled, the viceroy and his retinue set forth, and the gates being thrown open, the procession began in the following order: the militia, the colleges, the university, with the professors in their proper habits; the chamber of accompts; the chamber of the audience, on horses with trappings;

the magistracy, in crimson velvet robes, lined with brocade of the same colour, and a particular form of cap upon their heads, used only upon this occasion; the courts of inquisition in full dress, according to order, attended by a number of noblemen; whilst some members of the corporation, who walked on foot, supported the canopy over the viceroy, and the two ordinary alcaldes,[55] who acted as esquires, held the bridle of his horse, a magnificent steed from Chili.[56] The procession was of considerable length, but not so long as the description of it given by Ada Reis. They passed through all the principal streets till they came to the great square, in which the whole company drew up facing the cathedral; then the viceroy alighted, and made a general obeisance, whilst the archbishop and chapter advanced to receive him. The whole of the immense assembled multitude were silent as the grave. At this moment burst upon the ear the solemn hymn of *Te Deum laudamus*, chanted by the most melodious voices, and accompanied by the greatest power of instrumental music.

The recollections of the greatness of the Spanish monarchy, the thought of the vast territories of which the new viceroy was, as it were, taking possession, the immense display of wealth, and the gorgeous magnificence of the Roman Catholic religion, continued at once to subjugate and overpower the minds of all who witnessed the inspiring spectacle.

At that moment, when even the very soul of vanity and pride must have been touched and gratified, when man, vain man, drest in a little brief authority, must have felt something like piety and enthusiasm, the viceroy's eyes were attracted by Ada Reis and his daughter. Ada Reis, whose object at all times was distinction, and who sought it by deviating from every general rule, appeared on this occasion in plain but becoming attire : he seemed to make one in a mere show ; to be a subordinate character in the drama that was performing : he liked nor viceroy, nor pageant, which could rival or even approach himself in magnificence. He attended, therefore, the ceremony as a common observer, whom curiosity alone drew to be present at it. But the ob-

servation, which this peculiarity of dress and manner would otherwise have attracted, was now entirely lost in the deeper interest excited by the appearance of his daughter, who, trembling and agitated, supported herself upon her father ; so deeply was she affected by the sublime choir of voices, and the solemnity of those religious rites, of the effect of which she had hitherto known so little. First she knelt in enthusiasm, and now she wept upon her father's bosom.

When sudden hope springs up in the mind, or when we are moved with unexpected pleasure—when we meet with those whom we love—we shed tears ; and these are the tears which spring from the fullness of joy. We shed tears, too, when we part from what we love, whether it be friend or country, or, still dearer, a parent : but they are tears of bitterness and regret. There are tears, too, which flow less freely, and these are for the dead ; such tears save the heart from breaking. But the tears which Fiormonda shed were of none of these ; they partook of the anguish of all of them, without affording any of their relief.

They were as if a lost soul had heard the prayers of saints, the hymn of angels; yet could not, might not, join in the hallowed strain and pious supplication. They were as if the heart dropped blood, for her agony was great and real. When the pealing organ rolled through the vaulted nave the fullness of its note, when the whole choir swelled at once through that vast edifice the song of devotion and praise; the strain came upon her with the memory of past and better times, like the voice of those who were no more, of those who had left her for ever. Virtue, honour, early piety, and sacred faith were in those blessed sounds. She remembered her youth, when she also had knelt and prayed, when her guardian spirit had borne her hymn and orisons upward to her Creator. But now she never prayed. She was conscious that she was present at this solemnity, as at a mere spectacle and vain pageant, deprived of all its essence and meaning, without belief, hope, or comfort; with the greater mortification of witnessing in others those feelings and those aspirations of better things, which she had

herself abandoned and relinquished. Her father reproved her for betraying so much emotion, and one dearer than her father chided her for her weakness and superstition. Condulmar smiled with scorn upon a scene which appeared to him either vanity and folly, or fanaticism and imposture.

"It is the only daughter of Ada Reis," whispered the Duke of Montevallos, in answer to the viceroy's inquiring look. The maiden was veiled,—no feature was exhibited,—he could only contemplate the grace and symmetry of her form. She never cast her eyes upon the assembled company, nor upon any part of the pageant, but appeared entirely absorbed in the emotions of her own mind.

After the ceremony, the viceroy proceeded to the palace gates, where he was received by the audiencia, and conducted to the banquet which awaited him. "Is Ada Reis served?" said Don Joseph de Velasco to his attendants; "if not, send to desire that he and his daughter may sit at my table."

Ada Reis had returned to his own house; and when the message from the viceroy was

delivered to him there, he politely declined the honour intended him for himself, and said his daughter could not appear in public until she had formally been presented to the Spanish governor, which could only take place after the whole of these solemnities had concluded.

Suppers and public assemblies, and moonlight dances, and bull-feasts, followed in long succession, as was the custom of the country; but during almost the whole continuance of the festivities the viceroy saw not again either Ada Reis or his daughter; for the former was too proud to appear often in places where there was a greater than himself. At length, on the last day of the bull-fight, as the viceroy was passing on horseback to the crowded scene, the royal arms again attracted his attention, and he eagerly watched the calash, ornamented with gold, and containing within it two females, as it passed him. The beautiful girl he instantly recognised to be Fiormonda; and she appeared to be entreating and imploring an inexorable old woman to permit her to stop and see the spectacle. The cross gouvernante, with a tone of voice at

once querulous and resolved, was commanding the driver to turn about. The viceroy immediately approached the calash, and was silent for some moments as he took a nearer view of the young Fiormonda, who stood up all unveiled, her countenance animated, and her eyes, naturally gentle and timid, now brilliant with eagerness : a cavalcade of gentlemen surrounded the calash, and the viceroy himself now requested the duenna to permit her lovely charge to indulge her inclination. But Shaffou Paca, in a language strangely formed of a combination of almost every tongue, loudly remonstrated against any such intention. A grandee present reminded her that it was to the viceroy himself she had the honour to speak. She cared not, she said, to what or to whom she addressed herself; she had her master's commands, and, whatever might be said, the Lilla Fiormonda should not see any thing, or be seen of any one.

During this altercation, Fiormonda, with great sweetness and dignity, stood up in the calash, silent, but casting a contemptuous glance upon Shaffou Paca, whose tongue,

being once set in motion, continued a sharp and unceasing alarum. Don Joseph Manso de Velasco in a moment understood the proud contempt indicated by her silence, and the indignant feelings she repressed : he also saw a little smile and assumed tranquillity curling upon her lips, as she listened to her governess's harangue. He seized the opportunity of breaking forth into expressions of unbounded admiration; he gently took her hand, and raised it to his lips; she received the honour as she might have done a courtesy from a slave, with politeness, but with marked indifference.

At this moment Condulmar rode up; his pale sallow complexion, dark hair, and deep intelligence of countenance, had already attracted, it may be remembered, the attention of Don Joseph the first time he had seen him at the theatre ; he recognised him immediately, and slightly bowed—the young Venetian, without parade, returned the salute, and with an air of easy familiarity, said to Fiormonda these words : "And does my lovely mistress wish to see a festival, which ladies

more timid and gentle fear? and does Schaffou Paca dare to oppose her? Follow thy desires; indulge freely thy pleasure or thy curiosity, and I will remain the while and teach thy gouvernante somewhat of more compliance; for thou wert born to command; thy least wish should be a law to all."

Fiormonda hesitated,—but Condulmar, dismounting, handed her from the calash. The viceroy now also dismounted, offering to lead Fiormonda to a seat, where some of the ladies of his own family were already stationed; he said they would be delighted to have this opportunity of making acquaintance with one of whom they had heard so much. He asked her, however, more than once, as they proceeded, if she thought her father would be really displeased at the liberty he was taking; for the viceroy had no desire to offend Ada Reis.

"Oh, he never can be long displeased with me," said Fiormonda, smiling; "and if Condulmar plead for me, I am sure of being forgiven directly."

"And does Condulmar, whoever he may

be, hold as great a power over the heart of the lovely Fiormonda as it would appear he does over the mind of her father?"

Casting her eyes down, whilst a deep blush overspread her complexion, Fiormonda answered, "I scarcely know, sir; but this I will say, that whenever I desire any thing, he is kind enough either to obtain it for me, or to show me the manner in which it should be obtained; and I consider him, upon the whole, in the light of a friend."

"Upon the whole!" said Don Joseph, eager to penetrate the young maiden's real thoughts; "wherefore upon the whole only?"

"Oh, sir," said Fiormonda, "because a real friend would, perhaps, repress those wishes sooner than indulge them; and I sometimes think—nay, I am intruding upon you that which concerns only myself."

"Oh, no intrusion! Speak frankly to me; you know not, you cannot believe, the interest you have already awakened in me."

"Why then, sir, to be sincere, I considered one, whom I left in my own country, as a brother and a friend, but Condulmar as a

very dangerous, though, alas! too fascinating, companion."

"And who is he whom you left in your own country?"

"Why, I hardly know how to answer," said Fiormonda, smiling: "his name, sir, I believe, is Zevahir; he was a playmate, a friend of mine, a boy; and yet, under his fair locks, it may be truly said, '*Sotto biondi capei canuta mente*,' for he had indeed all the wisdom of age. He was not a native of our country, neither do I think he came from this land, unless he is from the Eldorado, or perchance the bright mountains of Calitamani. There is no silly tale that is not told of him; but for himself, he never spoke to me of his parents or his country; and," continued she, with a sigh, "of what matter from whence he came? This I know, at least, that he was all goodness, ay, all gentleness and goodness; but he is lost to me, and I only named him because I thought him a real friend. Condulmar hates me to remember him; calls him a foolish boy, and affects to be jealous of him, as if one so young could have inspired me with—."

"With what?" said the viceroy, seeing the deep blush which now again overspread her cheeks. "With love, were you going to say? Has that young bosom then already felt those dangerous fires? Is it possible? Alas! I see by your hesitation at the very name, that I am not wrong in my presumption."

A sigh was Fiormonda's answer.

At this moment the Duke of Montevallos approached them. "Alphonso," said the viceroy, "will you accompany us?" Pale, trembling, deeply moved, he hesitated for a moment, then placed himself on the other side of Fiormonda, who, on her part, drew her veil more completely over her countenance, and turned away her head from the ardent gaze which she was conscious he was fixing upon her.

Love, though strong in itself, receives a great accession of strength from perceiving the admiration paid by others to its object. It becomes at once confident in the justice of its choice, and alarmed for the success of its suit; it feels itself sanctioned by example, and stimulated by rivalry.

Such were at this moment the feelings of

Alphonso. The sight of Fiormonda, leaning upon Don Joseph's arm, and the general devotion paid by all who beheld her, so inflamed his soul, so vehemently excited a disposition naturally impetuous, that he could no longer conceal or suppress his passion. "Of what avail is it to me," he said, "that I am allied to kings and princes, if this malady consume me? I love, I worship this beautiful girl. The earth contains no other like to her: the young and the great surround and kneel to her, whilst I keep aloof, and by this means shall lose her. She knows not, as yet, the world; her inexperience may be misled: she may believe others to be as great as myself, because more rich. See at this moment what crowds are gazing upon her." A circle, in truth, was formed around Fiormonda; it was the first time she had been seen unveiled. "I will open my heart to her father on the instant," continued the young Duke, as he stood at some distance, intently watching her: "in the title of Duchess de Montevallos the merchant's daughter will be lost, and the unrivalled Fiormonda be my own."

No sooner had he formed this determination, than, impatient at the length of the show, and still more at the increasing admiration bestowed upon Fiormonda, he called the Marquis de Santa Spina apart: the latter heard his intention with the utmost surprise; insisted that he should consult the viceroy; and upon his demurring, himself communicated the secret to Don Joseph. They could by no means believe him to be so mad,—his youth,—his distance from his friends,—the relation in which he stood to the court, were all reasons why this precipitate step should be suspended; but in vain they reasoned. Montevallos looked again upon Fiormonda, and would hear of no prudential delay. He gazed with fatal passion upon the too conscious lady, and, remounting his horse, galloped rashly off, to lay himself, his dukedom, and all he possessed, at the feet of Ada Reis.

CHAPTER XX.

Ada Reis was seated, according to the custom of his country, upon a small flat cushion, laid upon a Turkish carpet; a scarf of the finest cachemire half concealed his resplendent dress. His turban was of cloth of gold, having an heron wrought upon it; the foot of the bird was worked in diamonds; a collar of large pearls hung about his neck; sherbet, and a Persian apparatus for smoking, were upon a marble slab near him, whilst slaves, in magnificent attire, were standing with their hands folded before them at the entrance of the apartment. He appeared lost in thought, and there was a gloom upon his countenance, which repressed familiar intercourse. The Duke, young and inexperienced, hesitated as he approached; at length he broke silence. He hoped, he said, his intrusion would be forgiven; he had much to communicate. Ada Reis rose, and, laying his hand upon his bosom, with eastern

courtesy, saluted him, and bade him speak without reserve. The Duke hastened to explain himself at once. He expressed his love, and declared his intentions; he then adverted, although with some timidity, to his rank; but said that the consciousness of it was only precious to him, inasmuch as it might render the offer of his hand more acceptable to the father of Fiormonda. He paused, and in anxious silence awaited the answer.

How great was his surprise, when for that answer, the words, "My daughter is highly honoured; but I aspire to a greater match for her," were tranquilly pronounced. His indignation was so great, that it rose to absolute fury;—death, destruction, revenge!—insolent, low-born merchant! a torrent of abuse rushed from the incoherent and offended suitor, but in vain.

Ada Reis listened to his rage with an unconcern as calm as he had before listened to his professions; then, with a smile, resumed his pipe, nor vouchsafed him any further reply. Stung to the quick by this neglect, the

Duke was hurrying out of the apartment, when Ada Reis, following him ceremoniously to the entertrance, requested the honour of his presence at an entertainment he was about to propose to the viceroy upon the day of Fiormonda's presentation; and assured him that if he felt himself hurt at the honour of his alliance having been declined, he might console himself with the information, that he was about the hundredth of those who had already been obliged to submit to a similar mortification.

" But not a prince," replied the Duke.

" Ay, sir," said Ada Reis, gasconading a little, and concealing somewhat of the truth, " the Bey of Tripoly, himself, the son of the Pasha."

" The Bey!" rejoined Montevallos; " heavenly powers! to name him even!—a Moor, a Mussulman! Why, the alliance of the Pasha is not to be compared with mine! No wonder that Fiormonda disdained to add herself another slave to his harem. But to refuse me!"

" Of this," said Ada Reis, " I presume the

young lady is innocent; I alone, therefore, am guilty."

"To what, then, do you aspire for her?"

"I deem her worthy of an imperial crown."

"So do I, Heaven be my witness!" said Montevallos; "and were I possessed of an empire, I would share it with her on the instant. But why await for impossibilities?"

"It is enough," said Ada Reis; "you have my answer. Bear it like a Christian," he added with a sneer, "and I will not betray your secret."

The Duke had now recovered himself, and perhaps still cherishing hope that neither Fiormonda nor her father would ultimately prove inexorable, acquiesced for the present in the advice given to him; and Ada Reis, taking down from its place a beautifully wrought Turkish scimitar, requested that the Duke would accept it as a token of good-will and reconciliation: "And if she whom you must not possess," he continued, "should ever be in danger, draw thou this weapon, the gift of the father, in defence of the daughter."

"I will," said Montevallos, with enthusiasm. "Pardon the offence I have given you; I am not yet twenty years of age—I have been taught ever to consider myself, save my sovereign and my own kinsmen, as the greatest personage in the world. The presumption of pride and passion have led me to address to you language such as none of high parentage and courteous manners should ever use—forgive me. You know not what it is to love as I do."

"Not know it, young enthusiast—not know it!" said Ada Reis, and he laughed aloud. "I too have permitted my eyes to wander; I too have given myself up to the dominion of passion; I too have made an idol of that which is but dust—beauty has misled and betrayed me, as it has done others; but with this difference, my heart felt with more desperate force, my feelings were stronger, my power greater.—Not love! Ye gods! may you never feel what I have felt. I have been the greatest slave that love has ever made. Montevallos, believe me, no Castilian blood ever flowed with more fervid violence around a heart than mine; but where the feelings

are deep and strong, they give not utterance often to their magnitude by words and outward gestures. Neither can the contumelies you have not disdained to use affect one like me: for the sneer of ridicule, and the grin of folly, I can return a bitterer and more deadly jest: to the clamour of the multitude, and the erroneous judgment of the world, supreme contempt and real indifference is my answer. At passion, outrage, and the petty wrongs which make common men mad, I smile: but arouse me—injure those I love—awaken the sleeping lion—and dread Ada Reis as a fiend, at once above and below mankind. Dread him who dreads nothing, who acknowledges no superior, no law, no master; who hopes for nothing in life, and fears nothing beyond it; to whom pain is as a scratch, existence but a dream, and death the termination of all things! Bestow your professions and regrets, your contumelies and abuse, on such as seek the one, or fear the other: Ada Reis thinks of his fellow-men as the leviathan thinks of the tribes who inhabit with him the depths of the ocean!"

As he said this, his muscular form became convulsed; his eyes kindled and rolled with anger; his teeth clenched within each other, and he exhibited to the young Duke the disgusting and appalling picture of uncontrolled passion.

The Duke retired; but encountered, as he quitted Ada Reis' palace, the object of his entire devotion; for, whilst this interview had been taking place between himself and Ada Reis, the viceroy, proud of his charge, and eager to show every possible attention to her father, resolved to accompany Fiormonda home himself, and to ask forgiveness in person for having, contrary to the orders of her governess, ventured to conduct her into the gay and fair assemblage which she had been so anxious to behold. Fiormonda, animated, but no way flattered, by the encomiums she had heard on all sides, added to the grace and dignity of eastern reception somewhat of the ease and freedom of manner which characterizes the European courts. Happy she was and proud—too proud to be rendered vain. With the Marquis de Santa Spina and the

viceroy she conversed easily, and her conversation was full of spirit, and even of good-humoured raillery. When Condulmar addressed her, she was reserved, embarrassed, and almost affected. Thus they proceeded, Shaffou Paca following after, fatigued and angry, and keeping up, in a low voice, a never-ceasing murmur of complaint at her pupil's disobedience and apparent disregard of her father's displeasure.

As soon as they arrived in the presence of Ada Reis, the gouvernante commenced an harangue which she had been preparing; when a glance of his eye at once imposed silence upon her. He received the viceroy with the most marked respect, and was evidently flattered by his condescension in paying him this unexpected visit; he conversed with him on many subjects, and before he withdrew respectfully entreated that he would honour his dwelling in a few evenings with his presence. The viceroy accepted the invitation, and with a look of admiration cast upon Fiormonda, took leave of her and of her father; and thus the visit which had begun with some awkward-

ness and apprehension, terminated with general ease and satisfaction.

"Fiormonda," said Ada Reis, when the viceroy had retired, "I have been thinking, child, that it is time to present thee to the world and marry thee, as thy years are many; and the accomplishment of a wizard's prophecy seems too long deferred. Blanch, the fair princess of Ildebar, of whom all the grandees were last season enamoured, is thy senior alone by two years—thou wilt number thy eighteenth year in a few months: I must not let the flower wither upon its stem, to be devoured by the caterpillars that seek to destroy it. Appear, fair child, in all thy splendour and beauty; accept the hand of him who is the highest; and when I have seen thee rendered great, I shall perchance depart,—for a restless spirit torments me. What is grandeur? what are honours? what are riches, if the mind remain idle and unemployed?" Then, addressing his discourse to his attendants, he commanded, that upon the first day of the ensuing week, a magnificent entertainment might be given, for the double purpose

of showing honour to the new viceroy, and presenting Fiormonda to an astonished and admiring world.

These commands were promptly obeyed. The arrangements for the entertainment were of such extent as to employ many hundred workmen. Condulmar undertook the whole management and direction; all that appertained to arrangement, taste, ornament, beauty, comfort, he fully understood; and Fiormonda, assisting him with designs and hints, thus obtained a pretext for passing hour after hour in the society of her lover.

Display and ostentation are generally delightful to the female mind. The poet Virgil tells us, that Camilla, in the midst of the action, was suddenly and deeply attracted by the armour of an adversary. Fiormonda was not indifferent to the magnificence which surrounded her. To her was now arrived that term of life which excites in the bosoms of the young the liveliest feelings of interest and pleasure. She was now to see that world she had so long looked forward to and anticipated: she was now to be free from the tyranny of

Shaffou Paca, to go where others go, and enjoy the society of those, of whose wit, talents, beauty, and rank, she had heard so much.

Condulmar painted in glowing colours the delights of liberty, the enjoyments of the world, the various amusement of company. Her hopes were raised, her mind perturbed by his descriptions ; but his discourse sunk still more deeply into her soul, when he assured her, that by the side of others, that even amidst all the beauty of Lima, that even by the as yet unparalleled Princess of Ildebar, she would still be the most lovely in his eyes, and the first in his affections. She heard him with pleasure ; but she loved, and therefore doubted. This her apprehensive doubt, her strong solicitude, her desire of pleasing him alone, and fear of losing him ; these feelings, which in the vain eyes of men communicate an interest even to ordinary features, gave to Fiormonda a loveliness and fascination the most seductive and irresistible.

CHAPTER XXI.

At length the night of the entertainment arrived, and exceeded all that even expectation had imagined. The carpets were of gold tissue; emeralds, amethysts, and rubies adorned the candelabras; the service for the banquet was, without intermixture, of highly-wrought gold. Yet, amidst objects so costly and brilliant, no eye could look on any thing but the daughter of Ada Reis. The beautiful women of Lima, who valued themselves on their rich brocades, short full petticoats, and little feet adorned with diamonds,[57] were outshone by the more simply-attired Fiormonda, whose ringlets, according to their mode, falling gracefully behind the ear, were fastened by a gold pin, called the polyzone, adorned with a diamond aigrette at each end. Her rosary was of pearls; her dress was somewhat longer than that worn by the other ladies, and of it the girdle alone was remarkable for its splendour; the stones which composed it ap-

peared to be rubies, and cast an almost supernatural light: they were, alas! the gift of Kabkarra! Vanity could not resist the display on such an occasion, and Condulmar's piercing and jealous eyes had not apparently as yet detected them.

Fiormonda, perfect in loveliness, seemed already to set some little value upon the admiration of the men, and the envious observation of the women, to whom she was now for the first time presented. Yet she demeaned herself with a modesty, reserve, and dignity, which added to her attractions. Her personal charms were heightened by those of her mind,—inviting love, but commanding respect. The delight of her conversation was beyond common praise; her ideas were all original, natural, and just; her expressions the purest, and her manners the most artless and innocently playful. Such was she the first time she was publicly seen at Lima, and introduced into a world of gaiety, which had appeared to her, in its distant prospect, replete with amusement and happiness.

With Fiormonda the Duke of Montevallos

opened the ball; to her alone every honour was paid. The viceroy seized every opportunity of addressing himself exclusively to her, and Montevallos gazed till his eyes beheld scarcely any thing beside: the gay scene appeared to vanish from before him; his brain turned, and feverish illness disturbed his whole frame. Whilst in this state, Condulmar approached him.—"How I pity you!" he said: "though a rival, you are not a hated one: trust in me, and I will assist your wishes."

"Assist *me!*" said the Duke, starting with surprise: "Assist me! when I have plainly witnessed your own attachment:—this is beyond even romance; and, believe me, if I cannot win the lady by my own merit, I will never be indebted to another for her favour."

As he said this with an indignant warmth, his eyes met Fiormonda's; and the glance she gave Condulmar struck like a poniard into the heart of Montevallos—it was the expression of entire and devoted attachment. The Duke knew no longer how to endure his situation; he could not bear to leave the apartment,

and he could not command his agitation whilst he remained.

In the mean time, exclamations of astonishment were breathed around at the fineness of this painting, the beauty of that china, the magnificence of the decorations; and Ada Reis was almost fatigued with bowing to the numerous assemblage.

The attachment of the Duke of Montevallos to Fiormonda was a subject of much raillery to the viceroy; and the lady's indifference, of surprise. The questions with which he persecuted her upon this and other subjects almost passed the bounds of good-breeding, whilst her acute and dignified answers evaded his curiosity.

At length he too observed her eyes turn towards Condulmar, and the glance and the smile she gave irritated him also; for he was little less in love with her than Alphonso. "And who," said he, endeavouring to penetrate her inmost thoughts, "is he to whom you have granted the envied privilege of that smile? I observed his remarkable air, his easy grace, his light intellectual glance, the first

time I had the honour of beholding him at the theatre at Callao—I would I were like him, in the hope that you would grant me also some little share of your attention!"

Fiormonda's cheeks became of a deep red; the colour quickly extended to her throbbing bosom. In early youth, nothing is so beautiful as a blush, that quick transition of colour, and the change of countenance which accompanies it.

At length, recovering herself, "He is," she said, "a stranger here; some say he is an Italian, one of my own country: but I believe his history is known to my father; he came to Lima with us; his vessel was wrecked at sea, and he was saved by ours; of his birth and parentage, I am in truth ignorant."

"And yet, lovely lady," said the viceroy, "you seem to me to take no common interest in this stranger's welfare: your eyes have followed him the whole of this evening; when he spoke just now to the Princess, you trembled and changed colour, and your present confusion shows me plainly that he is not indifferent to you."

A deep sigh from Fiormonda was her only answer, while her eyes, bent downwards, again testified extreme embarrassment. Her silence and her manner naturally increased Don Joseph's curiosity, and he instantly began to make inquiries of all respecting Condulmar.

How strange it seemed to him, that no one could gratify his curiosity! Great personages cannot bear to be thwarted; and princes and viceroys are at all times over-curious: they ask fifty questions in a breath, without waiting for an answer. In this case it was different; the questions were asked, but the viceroy waited in vain. In the mean time, the object of so many inquiries stood abstracted from the throng, leaning against a pillar, and gazing with a wild and anxious eye upon the Princess of Ildebar. The viceroy observed him narrowly; various emotions seemed to be passing in his mind. At one time his eye brightened; at another he smiled; at another frowned: his manner excited surprise, and commanded an attention not entirely unmixed with awe and terror.

Ada Reis performed the honours of the feast with princely dignity. The entertainment concluded with a superb banquet, and during the repast the strain of music, and the voice of the singer, sounded full, and yet softened in the distance. There was a young Italian singer, in particular, whose voice was the theme of general commendation, to the annoyance of Fiormonda. Condulmar hung over her whilst she sung, and seemed more than others delighted. Nirza returned the glance of admiration. Fiormonda felt the first pang of jealousy at that moment.

"Are you happy?" said an old man with a long beard, addressing Ada Reis as he passed from one of the tables to another in order to pay a fitting attention to all his guests. "Are you happy?" said the old man, in an abrupt tone of voice, and in a foreign tongue. Ada Reis inclined his head, with his hand upon his heart. "Beware, then," said the old man, "beware of yon cloud!" and as he spoke, he raised his eye towards the heavens with an expression of prophetic fear.

Ada Reis, who saw nothing but his painted

ceiling, and the hundred lighted tapers, made sign of inquiry as to his meaning. "Beware," repeated the old man, "of the approaching ruin! Upon the 28th of October, at half an hour after ten at night, five hours and three-quarters before the full of the moon, thy signal crimes shall meet with their recompense, and the deed that thou didst in the far distant desert shall be revenged!"

Ada Reis started: he thought, now, he recognised in the stranger the merchant Muley Hadgi, long since, as he had good cause to know, dead; but the different habit could not disguise those grim features he had too just cause to fear. He shuddered, and pressed his hand to his head; the word Kabkarra was distinctly heard, and a laugh rose, hollow and triumphant, none knew from whence, no one could say from whom; but all eyes were turned upon the master of the feast, who in vain attempted to recover himself, and appear as before. At length, making apologies for his sudden indisposition, he retired, and the amusements of the evening concluded with something of disorder and precipitation.

CHAPTER XXII.

The ensuing day Ada Reis sent, at an early hour, for Condulmar. When he came, he told him that he was ill in body, and miserable in mind; that, without being superstitious, he was subject to the weakness of human nature; that either sudden madness had fallen upon him, or he was pursued by an avenging spirit. If either were the case, what was to become of Fiormonda? He spoke with an inquiring look, as if to penetrate Condulmar's intentions; but he noticed only the former part of his discourse, and expressed surprise at his terrors; saying, they were the effect of mere indisposition, and would pass away with the momentary disorder. Ada Reis replied, with impatience, that it was not momentary, and regretted, in bitter terms, that he had so abruptly rejected the offer of the Duke of Montevallos. "Death," he said, "is striking at my heart; I know it by the single beat of that heart, and the sudden stop of the pulse;

and what is to become of my child? Even now," he said, grasping Condulmar by the hand, " now that I gaze on you, methinks your eye glares like fire, and I see before me a fiend, not a man. Recall Alphonso; he shall marry my daughter."

" A favouring look soon recalls a lover," said Condulmar, scornfully; " and the impassioned Duke is too deeply enamoured to despond."

Ada Reis heaved a sigh, and was silent; and Condulmar seemed little inclined to continue the conversation.

As the day advanced, the viceroy and many of the nobles waited upon Ada Reis to inquire after his health. Fiormonda wished not to receive them; yet so many compliments and professions had been made to her on the preceding evening, and so much interest expressed, that she could hardly decline returning this courtesy by a moment's interview with her father's illustrious guests. Condulmar encouraged her to admit them; and it appeared somewhat strange to her, who liked not her lover to look at or to speak to any other

woman than herself, that he was so little jealous and apprehensive, and permitted every one to approach her ; he seemed even to assist and encourage the hopes of the proud Marquis de Santa Spina, and the Duke of Montevallos; and yet, with a malicious smile, he whispered in her ear that he knew those hopes would be disappointed. Was his real love? Alas! it bore none of the beautiful features of that holy passion. Love for the young and the innocent is pure as youth and innocence themselves. It delights to strengthen and cherish virtue, and is ever anxious, that even its most ardent desires should be sanctioned and purified by the sacredness of religion : but Condulmar was continually scoffing at constancy, and deriding marriage : and Fiormonda, while she had suffered him to establish an irresistible dominion over her heart, had too much sense not to feel, that him, whom it was now impossible that she should not love, it was impossible that she should esteem. To beauty has been given, by nature, a fatal ascendant over man and over woman. Condulmar was more than beautiful : every feeling, every

passion of his soul animated and spoke in his countenance; a depth of thought, apparently the most profound, gave at times an external calm and repose to his features; but the quick intelligence of his eye re-lightened in a moment at the slightest look or word, that moved the quick sensations within. His gifts were the most various; his language the most impressive. He could touch the hardest heart and excite the coldest; yet when he had made others feel the deepest, he could, by a jest, make dignity descend, and gravity forget itself, and turn at once the beautiful and solemn into the ridiculous. With such qualifications he was naturally admired and sought by all; but whilst he encouraged their court, and was evidently gratified by it, he had the dexterity to persuade Fiormonda that, as before upon winning, so now he was solely intent upon fixing and retaining her affections.

NOTES.

Note 1, introduction.

Like Humboldt.

Mr. Humboldt, le 23 Juin 1802, après avoir monté sur les Andes à 2773 toises de hauteur, fut obligé de redescendre, parce que le mercure étoit descendu à 14 pouces 7 lignes, et que la densité de l'air lui faisait sortir le sang des lèvres, des gencives, et des yeux. Ce savant n'a vu ni en Hongrie, ni en Saxe, ni aux Pyrénées, des montagnes aussi irrégulières que dans les Andes, et qui offrent autant de substances diverses, enfin qui dévoilent les révolutions étonnantes de la nature. —*L'Europe et l'Amérique comparées,* vol. i. p. 37.

Note 2, introduction.

Like Park.

Extract from Amadi Fatouma's Journal:—

"We departed from Sansanding in a canoe; there were Mr. Park, Mr. Martyn, three other white men, myself, and three slaves, etc. etc.

"We entered the country of Haoussa and came to anchor. Mr. Park gave me seven thousand cowries to buy provisions; he told me to go to the chief and give him five silver rings, and tell him these presents were given to the king by the white men, who were taking leave. The chief inquired if the white men intended to come back? Mr. Park replied, he could not return any more: this reply occasioned his death; for the certainty of Mr. Park's not returning induced the chief to withhold the presents from the king. Next day Mr. Park departed; I slept in the village Yaour. Next morning I went to the king; on entering the house I found two men who came on horseback; they said that they were sent by the chief of Yaour to the king, 'We are sent by the chief of Yaour to let you know that the white men went away without giving you any thing; this Amadou Fatouma is a bad man, and has likewise made a fool of you,' they continued. The king, upon this, ordered me to be put in irons. The next morning the king sent an army to a village called Boussa, near the river-side: there is before this village a rock across the whole breadth of the river; one part of the rock is very high; there is a large opening in that rock in the form of a door, which is the only passage for the water to pass

through; the tide current is here very strong; the army took possession of the top of this opening. Mr. Park arrived after the army had posted itself; he, notwithstanding, attempted to pass. The people began to attack him, throwing lances, pikes, arrows, and stones. Mr. Park defended himself a long time; two of his slaves were killed. They threw every thing they had into the river and kept firing; but being overpowered by numbers, and unable to keep up the canoe against the current, Mr. Park took hold of one of the white men and jumped into the water; Mr. Martyn did the same, and they were drowned in the stream in attempting to escape: the only slave remaining in the canoe was taken to the king, and confirmed this account."—AMADI FATOUMA'S *Journal.*

Note 3, introduction.

Deeply tinged.

L'Orénoque a ici, comme le Nil près de Philæ et de Syène, la propriété remarquable de colorer en noir les masses de granit d'un blanc rougeâtre qu'il lave depuis des milliers d'années.—*Tableau de la Nature*, t. xi. p. 202.

A l'ombre des massifs de palmiers, leur couleur passe au noir foncé; mais dans des vaisseaux transparens, les eaux sont d'un jaune doré. L'image

des constellations australes se reflète avec un éclat singulier dans ces rivières noires.—p. 191.

J'ai remarqué que l'eau qui sortoit du Rio de Guayaquil prenoit graduellement une teinte jaune dorée, puis couleur de café quand elle avoit séjourné pendant quelque temps sur les prairies.—p. 192.—*Tableau de la Nature.*

Note 4, introduction.

In a pirogue.

L'on confie les canots vides, appelés ici *pirogues,* à des naturels qui connoissent bien le *Raudal*, et en désignent chaque degré, chaque roche par un nom particulier.—*Tableau de la Nature,* p. 210.

Note 5, introduction.

Like the golden serpent with the bell, etc.

Le Serpent d'or, ou le Serpent à sonnettes, que les Indiens nomment *Curi-Mullinvo,* est fort remarquable : ce nom lui a été donné à cause d'une peau de couleur d'or, et tavelée comme celle des tigres ; car *Curi*, en Indien, signifie *or*. Cette peau est toute couverte d'écailles, et la figure du reptile même est affreuse, la tête est d'une grosseur démesurée, et le corps à proportion, sa gueule est armée de deux rangs de dents et de crochets aussi grands

et plus aigus que ceux des chiens ordinaires.—*Voyage au Pérou,* par Don George Juan, t. ii. p. 305.

There are also fish that cast their shells; for instance, the lobster, the cray-fish, the crab, the hodmandod and dodman, and the tortoise.—See Bacon's *Philosophy.*

Note 6, introduction.

Of that song returned.

The late Lord Bathurst had much frequented the Opera in the time of Queen Anne. Frederick Prince of Wales wanted him to sing a favourite air of Nicolini's, which he could not at that instant recollect, as it had been performed not less than forty years before, and the music of operas was not then published from season to season as it had been of late years. Some time afterwards his lordship dreamed that Nicolini sung part of the air to him, and when he awoke he remembered the whole song, repeating it from hour to hour, till he had waited on his royal highness before it had escaped his memory.

I took the liberty to desire his lordship to give me an idea of another air of Nicolini's, when he immediately sang it throughout:—his lordship was at this time eighty-seven, to the best of my

recollection, and affords a strong instance of musical memory being very perfect even in that late stage of life. It need scarcely be observed that he could not probably have heard this song for more than threescore years.—BARRINGTON'S *Miscellanies*, p. 323.

Note 7, introduction.

Manzanillo grows upon her grave.

Manzanillo, from Manzana, an apple.—A tree remarkable for its beauty and variegated wood, the golden fruit of which is very attractive, but contains a thin white juice of a deadly poison; many have died of eating it, or from even sleeping near it. The natives and the very beasts from instinct shun it.—ULLOA'S *Voyage*, vol. i. p. 53.

Note 8, page 4.

Reis.

Captain in the navy.—TULLY'S *Tripoly*.

Note 9, page 4.

Pasha.

The Turkish word paschaw is formed of two Persian words, pa-sehah, which literally signifies viceroy.—VOLNEY'S *Egypt*, vol. ii. p. 78.

Note 10, page 6.

Bey.

A title often conferred upon the Pasha's eldest son, and Prince of Tripoly.—TULLY'S *Tripoly*, p. 32.

Note 11, page 8.

Care of the Pasha's harem.

Ada Reis's harem was not kept with as much regularity and strictness as the Grand Signior's *seraglio* or *harem*.—The *seraglio* means the enclosure of the whole Ottoman Palace, which is not less than a moderate town. The wall surrounding it is thirty feet high. The *seraglio* has nine gates, two of which are magnificent. From one of these the Ottoman Porte takes the name of "Sublime Port." Where the ladies live who belong to the Grand Signior, is called the harem: no persons but those officially belonging to it, can enter the first gate.

The *harem* looks upon the sea of Marmora. The Grand Signior and his eunuchs are the only persons that come within sight of these ladies. The number of these ladies (always numerous) is regulated by the order of the Sultan; and among all, owing to a singular regulation, there is but one servant. They wait upon each other in ro-

tation: the last who enters serves her who entered before her, and serves herself; so that the first entered is served without serving, and the last that enters serves without being served. They all sleep in separate apartments, and between every fifth there is a preceptress, who minutely inspects their conduct. Their chief governess is called Caton-Ciaha, which means governess of the noble young ladies. When there is a Sultaness Mother, she forms her court from amongst the ladies of the harem, having the liberty allowed of taking as many young ladies as she chooses and of those she likes the best. When the Grand Signior's intention to allow the ladies to walk in the gardens of the seraglio is made known to the Caton-Ciaha (or governess of the harem), all persons are ordered to retire. A guard of black eunuchs is ordered to place itself along the walls of the gardens with drawn sabres; if, by inadvertency, any one is found in the gardens, he is instantly killed, and his head is brought to the Grand Signior. The mother of the eldest son of the Grand Signior is called *Asaki,* that is, Sultaness Mother. For the first son, she is crowned with flowers, she then takes upon her the prerogatives of a wife. No other ladies, though they have sons, are crowned or maintained with such costly distinction as the

first, or Sultaness Mother; but they are served apart, have state apartments assigned them, and are exempt from serving after the death of the Grand Signior. All the mothers of the male children, who are considered as queens, are shut up in the old seraglio, from whence they can never come out, unless any of their sons ascend the throne.—Vide *History of a Ten Years' Residence at Tripoli*, p. 36.

Note 12, page 8.

Lilla.

Lilla means in Moorish a lady; as Lilla Kebbierra.—Tully's *Tripoly*.

Note 13, page 10.

A Damascus blade.

These scimitars, besides being famous for their beauty and lightness, have the steel so impregnated with perfume in the manufacturing of them, that their fragrance can never be destroyed, while a piece of this extraordinary blade remains. Their price is from fifty to one hundred guineas, the blade only; imitations of them, which are superficially perfumed, are bought for a much less price.—Tully's *Tripoly*, p. 145.

Note 14, page 11.

Pierced by insufferable cold.

They traverse the sands for many days with no other refreshment than a small bag of meal and some water; while at night they are sometimes drenched by heavy rains.—Tully's *Tripoly*, p. 173.

Note 15, page 12.

Bags of gold dust.

The people here may be said to walk upon gold. This precious ore is sifted for on the sea-shore, and taken up in very small quantities; but whole veins of this rich metal are found inland as they approach Fezzan. When it is found on the coast (which it is on several parts near Tripoly), the people gather up handfuls of it, put it into a wooden bowl, and wash it with several waters, till all the gold, which is so much heavier than the sand, remains at the bottom. This rich sediment is then tied in little bits of rags, and brought in that state to Tripoly about the size of a small nut. These small parcels are known by the name of Metagalls. Each of them are worth exactly a Venetian Sequin, or ten shillings and sixpence. The merchants who purchase these Metagalls, melt a certain number of them into bars, which

they call ingots, and they are known by the same name in India. These bars of gold are of various sizes.—TULLY'S *Tripoly*, p. 27.

Note 16, page 13.

Wandering tribe to which he appeared to belong.

The Arabs are the descendants of Ishmael, of whom the angel foretold before he was born, that he would be a wild man, and that "his hand would be against every man, and every man's against him" (Gen. chap. 6. v. 12.): this is almost literally true of his posterity, even to this day. The manners of these people are various, and they may be divided into two tribes; the one inhabit towns, while the other wanders from place to place, without any fixed habitation. These wandering Arabs are divided into families and tribes, every tribe, however numerous it may be, being governed by a chief.

The Arabs first passed over from Greece into Africa, 653, under Othman the third Califf, who sent an army of more than eighty thousand fighting men, under the command of Occuba Bennesie. They built the city of Cawen, thirty leagues distant from Tunis on the east. Three other tribes passed over in the year 999, which was the four hundredth

year of the Hegira by permission of the Califf of Cawen.—Shaw's *Travels through Arabia*, p. 221. —Le Sage, *Atlas Historique*.

There is a horde called the unvanquished horde, from their living in places where none can penetrate but themselves; many sovereigns have attempted to subdue them, but none have ever been successful; they are of a deep copper-colour; a dark baracan which at times but ill conceals them, with an immense long gun, is all they are usually burthened with.

The dress of the Arabs in general consists of a blue skirt, descending below the knee, the legs and feet being exposed, or the latter sometimes being covered with the ancient cothurnus or buskin. A cloak is worn of very coarse camel's hair cloth, almost universally decorated with broad black and white stripes, passing vertically down the back: this is of one square piece, with holes for the arms; it has a seam down the back: made without this seam it is considered of greater value. Here then we perhaps behold the form and material of our Saviour's garment, for which the soldiers cast lots. It was the most ancient dress of the inhabitants of this country.—Tully's *Tripoly*, p. 171.

Note 17, page 14.

You are not an Arab sheik.

A Sheik is the chief of a tribe of Arabs: they are divided into a multiplicity of governments, and pride themselves on their descent.

Note 18, page 14.

Belted girdle.

He wore a curious wrought belt (of a manufacture peculiar to this country and the hand of an Arab), ingeniously woven in a variety of figures resembling Arabic characters; it was wound several times, tight and even, round the body; and one end, being doubled back and sewed up, served him for his purse. In this belt he wore his arms, and prided himself much on them, not on account of their richness, but from the proof he had had of their execution.—TULLY'S *Tripoly*, p. 171.

Note 19, page 15.

Which once resisted the Hamper's shawl.

While Ben Shabbon and his son thus stood debating, they perceived within the Skiffer two Hampers looking at them with their hands behind them. These two guards were the only people they saw. The Hampers let Ben Shabbon,

who was highly respected by all the country, pass quietly by; but the moment after, they threw the fatal cord over his neck, and strangled him instantly.—TULLY'S *Tripoly*, p. 163.

Note 20, page 17.

And drank of the lakaby presented to them.

Lakaby is a liquor drank by the common people of Tripoly; it is extracted from the date tree in the following manner:

Three or four incisions are made at the top of the tree; a stone jar that will contain a quart is put up to each notch: the jars put up at night are filled by the morning, with the mildest and most pleasant beverage; and on the contrary, those jars put up in the morning and left till late in the day become a spirituous strong drink, which the Moors render more perniciously strong by adding leaven to it. The tree will yield this juice for six weeks or two months, and generally runs for a month at the rate of two gallons a day. It is customary in noble families to have the heart of the date tree at great feasts, such as weddings, the first time a boy mounts a horse, the birth of a son, or the return of an ambassador to his family. The heart lays at the top of the tree, between the branches of its fruit, and weighs,

when cut out, from ten to twenty pounds; it is not of a substance to take out before the tree has arrived at the height of its perfection. When brought to table, its taste is delicious, and its appearance singular and beautiful. In colour it is composed of every shade, from the deepest orange and bright green (which latter encompasses it around) to the purest white; these shades are delicately inlaid in veins and knots, in the manner of the most curious wood. Its flavour is that of the banana and pine; except the white part, which resembles more a green almond in consistence, but combines a variety of exquisite flavours that cannot be described.—Tully's *Tripoly*, p. 50.

Note 21, page 18.

Was offered the place of the great Chiah.

The office of great Chiah is an honorary situation, producing no emolument. He commands the castle in the Pasha's absence, and guards it while in it; he never quits his post night or day, sits always in the Skiffer, and has a deputy under him; all affairs of moment are laid before him, and the keys of the town-gate are at night delivered to him. The Nuba is played at the creation of a Chiah, it only being allowed to play at the creation of a Chiah, a Bey, and Reis of marine; otherwise it only plays for the Pasha.—Tully's *Tripoly*.

Note 22, page 31.

To inhale the inbat.

The warm air abates nothing of its oppression till a sudden cool breeze arises from the sea, which happens regularly every afternoon during these intense heats; but this sea air rusts all sorts of steel work even in the pocket, and will wet a person's dress entirely through in a very few minutes.—Tully's *Tripoly*, p. 59.

Note 23, page 31.

Partake of his pipe and sherbet.

The beverage was various sherbets: some composed of the juice of boiled raisins, very sweet; some of the juice of pomegranates squeezed through the rind, others of the pure juice of oranges. These sherbets were copiously supplied in high glass ewers, placed in great numbers on the ground.—Tully's *Tripoly*, p. 137.

Note 24, page 32.

When the marabut sounded to announce the prayer at sunset.

Let a Moor be where he may, when he hears the Marabut announce the prayer for sunset, nothing induces him to pass that moment without prostrating himself on the ground.—Page 25.

We met one of the noted Moorish saints or holy men—this man; contrary to the general appearance of these Marabuts, was tolerably covered with a long wide blue shirt reaching to the ground, and white trowsers underneath. He wore nothing on his head, which was shaved close, except a long lock of hair descending from the back part of it.

The whole dress of many of these Marabuts consists of a bit of crimson cloth, about four inches square, dexterously placed on the crown of their head. The Marabut we met in the castle was returning from the Pasha, with whom he had had a long private audience. His appearance, from the furious and strange gestures he made, with an immense large living snake round his shoulders, was truly terrific, though we were all aware of the unfortunate reptile having been rendered harmless by the wearer's extracting its sting before he attempted to impose on the credulous in making them believe he alone was exempt from death by the reptile's touch.

The devotion of another order of the Marabuts consists in wounding themselves, affecting madness, and walking the streets almost naked, or dancing religious dances for many hours, during which they incessantly scream out one of their names of the deity. They at last throw themselves

on the ground, foaming at the mouth, appearing in a state of madness and in the agonies of death—this order of Marabuts is named the Kadru; they have a convent near Pera.—Tully's *Tripoly*, p. 102.

The name of Marabut is given both to the mosque, and to the saint or holy man who resides at it. Iman is the crier to prayers, and Shrief a churchman of an order belonging to Mecca.—See Tully's *Tripoly*.

Note 25, page 32.

And parched lips for the moon of Ramadan.

Ramadan is the great Moorish fast: the word in Arabic is said to mean a consuming heat. It lasts thirty days; during this period no follower of the prophet, upon pain of death, is allowed to take the least refreshment between sun-set and sun-rise. This fast is rigidly observed.—Blaquiere's *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 59.

Note 26, page 32.

The batteries announced the feast of Beiram.

The morning after this fast (Ramadan) the castle guns, and those of all the batteries round the town, announce the feast of Beiram, which lasts three days in town and seven in the country. All sorts of noise and rioting seem to make up for what the Moors have suffered during the fast. Men go about

dressed in all kinds of strange and awkward garbs, resembling nothing in heaven above, or in the earth beneath. Though they call themselves lions, camels, etc. the greatest complaisance cannot lead you to make out the least similitude to any thing but a bundle of sticks and rags, strangely packed up together.

They go about dancing with reeds and other music. Swings are erected between two extremely high wheels in the streets, where the people swing for a small piece of money each. No fish can be procured during this feast, as the boats are all taken up, rowing the common people about the harbour. Though drinking wine is against the law of Mahomet, immense numbers of Moors get intoxicated with a liquor they call lakaby, which renders them very troublesome, as it literally puts them into a state of madness. In fact, during these three or four days, it is dangerous for Christians to go into the streets. In the consuls' houses a table is set out in the court yard, and kept covered with fresh supplies of wine, oil, bread, and olives, during the three days of the feast, for as many hampers, chouses, and black slaves belonging to the Pasha as choose to partake of it; and the Dragomen, or guards, call them in parties, according to their rank. During the feast, every night, all the mosques

are illuminated. The town not being otherwise lighted, but totally dark, shows to great advantage the bright glare of several rows of lamps. The coffee bazaar is where the Turks meet to tell the news of the day, and to drink coffee; it is filled with coffee houses and coffee kitchens, which are very black on the inside with smoke, and where nothing is dressed but coffee. No Moorish gentlemen enter these houses, but send their slaves to bring their coffee out to them at the doors, where are marble couches covered with green arbours. These couches are furnished with the most beautiful mats and carpets: here are found, at certain hours of the day, all the principal Moors, seated cross-legged, with cups of coffee in their hands, made like essence itself. The coffee served to the ladies of the castle has sometimes in it a quantity of cinnamon, cloves, and nutmeg. The Moors, when at these coffee houses, are waited on by their own black servants, who stand constantly by their masters, one with his pipe, another with his cup, a third holds his handkerchief while he is talking, as his hands are perfectly necessary for his discourse, marking with the fore-finger of the right hand upon the palm of the left, as accurately as we do with a pen, the different parts of his speech, a comma, a quotation, or a striking passage.

This renders their manner of conversing very singular, and an European, who is not used to this part of their discourse, is at a perfect loss to understand what the orators mean.

The Bazaar is illuminated from one end to the other, during every night of the feast, till after one or two o'clock in the morning. We walked in it one evening during the Beiram, till after twelve o'clock; it was crowded with the first people in the place, on each side, most of them richly dressed. The perfumes of amber, orange-flowers, and jessamine, were much too strong to be agreeable. From the immense quantity of lamps, the whole place was as light as day.—Tully's *Tripoly*, p. 16.

Note 27, page 38.

And her eyes, which saw even more than other eyes can see, never looked in the same direction.

During my residence in the country, I had frequent opportunities of examining that most singular of the animal productions, the cameleon. It is hardly necessary to adduce any proof to the philosophers of the present day against the vulgar error, that it feeds only upon air. The fact is, its principal support is flies, which it catches by dart-

ing out an exceedingly long tongue, covered with a matter so glutinous, that if it but touch an insect, it is impossible for it to escape. The most singular part of its conformation is the eye, the muscles of which are so constructed that it can move the ball quite round; and I believe it exists the only known instance in all animated nature of a creature which is able to direct its vision to two different objects at the same time, however those objects may be situated.—*Tour from Gibraltar to Morocco,* by William Lempriere, p. 91.

Note 28, page 42.

A favourite golpha.

The golphas and best rooms in the country houses are sometimes delightfully relieved by a considerable stream of clear flowing water conducted, in a marble channel, through the middle of the room. The floors and sides of the apartment are finished with coloured tiles, and the ceilings carved and painted in Mosaic. In the inner court belonging to the house is a gebbia or reservoir, continually filled with fresh water from the wells near it, and which flows through it into the gardens; it is surrounded with a parapet of marble, and a flight of marble steps leads into it. There is only a broad walk left round it, which is paved

or terraced, and into which the best apartments belonging to the house open. This circumstance affords a refreshing coolness to the house, and is most delightful during the extreme heat.—TULLY'S *Tripoly*, p. 53.

Note 29, page 45.

A light Persian jelique.

Her chemise was covered with gold embroidery at the neck; over it she wore a gold and silver tissue jileck, or jacket without sleeves, and over that another of purple velvet richly laced with gold, with coral and pearl buttons, set quite close together down the front; it had short sleeves finished with a gold band not far below the shoulder, and discovered a wide loose chemise of transparent gauze ornamented with gold.

Note 30, page 45.

Gold bands, such as the ladies of the blood royal are alone entitled to wear.

She wore round her ancles, as did all the ladies of the Pasha's family, a sort of fetter, made of a thick bar of gold, so fine that they bind it round the leg with one hand; it is an inch and a half wide, and as much in thickness: each of these weigh four pounds. None but the Pasha's daughters and grand-daughters are permitted to wear

this ornament in gold; ladies who are not of the blood royal are obliged to confine themselves, in this article of dress, to silver.—TULLY'S *Tripoly*, p. 31.

Note 31, page 45.

And a girdle of charms to save her from evil eyes.

Disapprobation was strongly displayed in the nurse's countenance, while she by order showed the infant to the Christians. She covered it as much as she could with the charms that it wore, and at every look the Christians bestowed upon it, she wetted her finger and passed it across the forehead of the baby; pronouncing, at the same instant, the words, "Ali Barick," (a prayer to Mahomet, to preserve it from "bad eyes," or malicious observers).—TULLY'S *Tripoly*, p. 136.—Description of the visit to Lilla Uducia, the day after her accouchement.

Note 32, page 50.

Small as the Indian piccaflore.

The gardens of all kinds in the villages are much frequented by a bird very remarkable both for its smallness and the vivid colours of its feathers. It is generally called Picaflores, or flower-pecker, from its hovering over them and sucking their juices, without lacerating or so much as disordering

them. Its proper name is quinde, though it is also known by those of rabilargo and lisongero, and in England by that of humming-bird. Its whole body, with its plumage, does not exceed the bigness of a middle-sized nutmeg: the tail is usually near three times the length of the whole body, yet has but few feathers; its neck is short; the head proportioned, with a very brisk eye; the bill long and slender, white at the beginning and black at the end; the wings are also long and narrow. Most of the body is green, spotted with yellow and blue. Some are higher coloured than others; and all are variegated, at it were, with streaks of gold. Of this bird also there are various species, distinguished by their size and colours. This is thought to be the smallest of all known birds; the female lays but two eggs at a time, and those no bigger than peas. They build in trees, and the coarsest materials of their nests are the finest straws they can pick up.—Ulloa's *Voyage to South America,* vol. i. p. 477.

Note 33, page 62.

Salem Alicum.

"Be there peace between us." "There is peace between us."

Note 34, page 80.

Already a family of children.

The Moors marry so very young, that the mother and her first-born are often seen together as playmates, equally anxious and angry, in an infantine game. The women here are often grandmothers at twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age; it is therefore no wonder they live frequently to see the children of many of their generations.—TULLY'S *Tripoly*, p. 30.

Note 35, page 113.

The nuba sounded.

The royal band of the Pasha. The nuba is never played but for the Pasha and his eldest son when they go out with the army, or on any public occasion.

The sounds of the nuba are singular to an European ear: they are composed of a Turbuka, a sort of kettle-drum, the reed and timbrel; the Turbuka belongs to the Moors, the reed and timbrel to the blacks.—TULLY'S *Tripoly*, p. 28.

Note 36, page 117.

Give me your signet-ring.

The town has been in some commotion to-day, from a general search having been made by the

guards for Sidy Hamet's great seal, which was stolen from his person last night. It was of gold, chased with Turkish characters; each of the princes have one of these seals or royal signets as soon as they arrive at a certain age. It is worn near the bosom on the left side of the jileck next the watch, with a rich chain hanging from it. The mould is destroyed when the seal is made; and as they never suffer it to be taken away from their persons day or night, they do not fear its being counterfeited.—TULLY's *Tripoly*, p. 162.

Note 37, page 142.

To drink of the waters of Guancaveli.

Dans la ville de Guancaveli, au Pérou, on montre une fontaine dont l'eau, dit-on, se change si promptement en pierre, que la plupart des maisons sont bâties de cette pétrification.—*L'Europe et l'Amérique comparées*, par M. DROUIN DE BERCY, p. 551.

Note 38, page 144.

Stupified with their own buffooneries.

Aux environs de James Town, en Virginie, il croît un arbre dont la pomme, lorsqu'elle est cuite, produit les effets les plus étranges. Quelques Anglais, ignorant ses dangereuses propriétés, s'empressèrent d'en manger: au même instant, ils de-

vinrent tous imbécilles pendant plusieurs jours. L'un passoit le temps à souffler des plumes en l'air; un autre à lancer des pailles; un troisième s'accroupissoit dans un coin, faisant les grimaces d'un singe; un quatrième ne cessoit d'embrasser ceux qu'il rencontroit, et leur rioit au nez avec mille postures bouffonnes. On fut obligé de les renfermer l'espace de onze jours que dura cette frénésie. L'usage de la raison leur revint, sans aucun souvenir de ce qui leur étoit arrivé.—*L'Europe et l'Amérique comparées*, par M. Drouin de Bercy, p. 54.

Note 39, page 144.

A stream of light.

Quand on se baigne le soir dans le golfe de Cariaco, près de Cumana, quelques parties du corps restent lumineuses au sortir de l'eau. La mer, entre les tropiques, est lumineuse à toutes les températures.—M. Drouin de Bercy.

Note 40, page 144.

A hundred echoes have answered to the strain.

Après avoir navigué sur le fleuve du Potomack, dans la Pensylvanie, on arrive dans un certain endroit, à travers les Montagnes Bleues, où l'on entend les échos les plus extraordinaires qu'il y ait au monde. Ailleurs (dit Jean de Crevecœur, écri-

vain et cultivateur Américain) ils balbutient; ici ils s'expriment distinctement. Nulle part ils ne sont aussi nombreux ni aussi attentifs à répondre. Les intonations de leur voix ressemblent aux conversations de personnes placées à des hauteurs et à des distances différentes. Les uns vous parlent à l'oreille; la voix des autres est plus forte, leurs accens mieux prononcés : les uns vous répondent sur-le-champ; les autres après un certain intervalle, comme s'ils pensoient avant de parler; quelquefois ils s'écrient tous ensemble. C'est surtout quand on rit que le mélange de leurs éclats rend l'erreur complète. Lorsque les vaisseaux approchent du rivage en louvoyant, il est impossible de ne pas croire entendre des personnes assises derrière les rochers ; ceux qui répondent du haut des montagnes le font toujours si distinctement que l'œil, guidé par l'oreille, croit apercevoir l'arbre derrière lequel ils sont tapis. Ces Hamadryades entendent toutes les langues, et répètent avec plaisir les chansons des voyageurs. Joue-t-on de la flûte ou de la clarinette, elles imitent à l'instant les mêmes instrumens; alors c'est un véritable concert exécuté avec la dernière précision. On compte jusqu'à dix-sept de ces admirables échos qui vous répondent à la fois ou les uns après les autres, ou qui se

répètent à eux-mêmes après qu'ils vous ont parlé. —*L'Europe et l'Amérique comparées*, p. 64.

Note 41, page 144.

I have slept in the cavern of Guachero.

La province de Cumana fournit une curiosité naturelle digne de remarque dans la caverne du Guachero, dont le nom lui vient d'un oiseau qui habite dans l'intérieur de la grotte, qui y multiplie d'une manière prodigieuse, inconnue aux naturalistes d'Europe, et qui offre le premier exemple d'un oiseau nocturne parmi les passereaux dentirostres. Il a la grandeur des poules d'Europe, et le port des vautours. Quoiqu'on en fasse tous les ans un horrible massacre, pour en prendre la graisse qui sert de beurre ou d'huile, le nombre n'en diminue pas. Ils attachent leurs nids à la longue voûte de la caverne, et quand on y pénètre à la lueur des flambeaux, ces oiseaux effrayés poussent des cris tels que les Indiens, effrayés à leur tour, n'osent jamais avancer jusqu'au fond de la grotte. Ils attachent des idées superstitieuses à cet antre habité par des oiseaux de nuit, et d'où sort le Rio Caripe. C'est leur Tartare, leur Styx : ce sont leurs oiseaux stygiens.—*L'Europe et l'Amérique comparées*, par M. Drouin de Bercy, p. 49.

Note 42, page 145.

Silver hill of Parimée, etc.

Selon la tradition de plusieurs naturels, les *nuées* de *Magellan* du ciel austral, et même les magnifiques *nébuleuses du vaisseau Argo,* ne sont que le réflet de l'éclat métallique que jette la montagne d'argent de Parimée, etc.—*Tableau de la Nature,* p. 188.—Humboldt.

Note 43, page 145.

The Eldorado, etc.

Le lac Parimée est fameux par le rocher de talc qui réfléchit comme un miroir les rayons dorés du soleil; ce qui a fait croire long-temps que lesrues de la ville d'Eldorado étoient pavées d'or.

Note 44, page 145.

Mines which produce silver.

Les mines d'argent de Sainte-Marie dans les Vosges, de Bassory dans les Pyrenées, de Chalanges près d'Allemont en Dauphiné, enfin ces mines de Norwége, avec celles du Pérou, du Brésil, de la Terre-Ferme, du Mexique, du Chili, de la Castille d'or, de la Californie, de la Nouvelle-Grenade, etc. Ces fameuses mines d'argent du Potosi, après avoir enrichi le monde pendant plusieurs siècles, sont encore aujourd'hui une source intarissable de

richesses.—*L'Europe et l'Amérique comparées*, p. 65.

In most of these mines, arsenic is found in combination with the silver: also antimony and copper.

Note 45, page 145.

Thou, lake of Guativa, art witness to this.

Le lac de Guâtiva, au nord-ouest de Santa-Fé de Bogota, est célèbre par la quantité d'or que les Indiens y jetèrent lors de la conquête de leur pays par les Espagnols.—*L'Europe et l'Amérique comparées*, p. 77.

Note 46, page 145.

And thou, lake of Ibara, art red with the blood of the murdered.

Le lac d'Ibara, fameux dans l'histoire des Incas, fut surnommé le lac du Sang, pour avoir été le tombeau d'une multitude d'Indiens qu'un empereur y faisait jeter à mesure qu'on les égorgeoit sous ses yeux: ses eaux en furent rougies pendant quelque temps, ce qui lui fit donner le nom de Lac de Sang.—*L'Europe et l'Amérique comparées*, p. 78.

Note 47, page 151.

Valley of Orcos.

Dans le Pérou, le lac de la vallée d'Orcos est cité

pour contenir dans son sein, la fameuse chaîne d'or que l'inca Huayna-Capac avoit fait fabriquer lors de la naissance de son fils Huescar.—*L'Europe et l'Amérique comparées*, p. 78.

The first *Inca,* or *Inga*, the people of Peru mention was *Mangocapa*, who they feign, after the flood, came out of the Cave of Tammbo, five or six leagues from Cusco: and from him descended the chief families of *Ingas*, the first of them, called *Hanan-cusco*, and the other *Urin-cusco;* from the former of them came the sovereigns who conquered the country.

It is to be observed, that *Inga,* among the Peruvians, signifies King or Emperor: and *Capac Inga,* the only King, which was the title they gave their sovereigns; all the male issue being called *Ingas*, and the queen *Coyas*.—See *Historical Account of Peru, taken from* HERRERA's *History of America.*

Note 48, page 151.

Like the calm lake of Xicaragua, from whose bosom the mountain Omotepec shoots forth its volumes of flames.

Le lac de Xicaragua s'étend en longueur à plus de 60 lieues, et en largeur 21 lieues; l'Omotepec élance son sommet enflammé du sein de ce lac.—*L'Europe et l'Amérique comparées*, p. 76.

Note 49, page 164.

With their mules and runa llamas.

In the parts of this country, which are neither taken up by mountains or forests, only tame animals are met with; whence it is probable, that formerly the native species were but very few; most of these having been introduced by the Spaniards, except the llamas, to which the Indians added the name of runa, to denote an Indian sheep, that beast being now understood by the runa llama; though, properly, llama is a general name, importing beast, in opposition to the human species. This animal, in several particulars, resembles the camel, as in the shape of its neck, head, and some other parts; but has no bunch, and is much smaller; cloven-footed, and different in colour; for though most of them are brown, some are white, others black, and others of different colours: its pace resembles that of a camel, and its height equal to that of an ass betwixt a year and two years old. The Indians use them as beasts of carriage; and they answer very well for any load under a hundred weight. They chiefly abound in the jurisdiction of Riobamba, there being scarce an Indian who has not one for carrying on his little traffic from one village to another.

Anciently the Indians used to eat the flesh of

them, and still continue to make that use of those who are past labour. They say there is no difference between it and mutton, except that the former is something sweeter. It is a very docile creature, and easily kept. Its whole defence is to eject from its nostrils some viscosities, which are said to give the itch to any on which they fall; so that the Indians, who firmly believe this, are very cautious of provoking the llama.—Don Antonio de Ulloa's *Voyage to South America*, vol. i. p. 478.

Note 50, page 166.

She was called at times the Kebbiera.

"Kebbiera" means greatest, grandest; as, "Lilla Kebbiera," the greatest lady, or princess.—Tully's *Tripoly*.

Note 51, page 168.

The most valued and precious of plants, the chirimoya.

The chirimoya is universally allowed to be the most delicious of any known fruit, either of India or Europe. Its dimensions are various, being from one to five inches in diameter. Its figure is imperfectly round, being flatted towards the stalk, where it forms a kind of navel; but all the other part is nearly circular. It is covered with a thin soft shell, but adhering so closely to the pulp, as

not to be separated without a knife. The outward coat, during its growth, is of a dark green, but on attaining its full maturity, becomes somewhat lighter. This coat is variegated with prominent veins, forming a kind of network all over it. The pulp is white, intermixed with several almost imperceptible fibres, concentrating in the core, which extends from the hollow of the excrescence to the opposite side. As they have their origin near the former, so in that part they are larger and more distinct. The flesh contains a large quantity of juice resembling honey, and its taste sweet, mixed with gentle acid, but of a most exquisite flavour. The seeds are formed in several parts of the flesh, and are about seven lines in length, and three or four in breadth. They are also somewhat flat, and situated longitudinally.

The tree is high and tufted, the stem large and round, but with some inequalities; full of elliptic leaves, terminating in a point. The length is about three inches and a half, and the breadth two, or two and a half. But what is very remarkable in this tree is, that it every year sheds and renews its leaves. The blossom, in which is the embryo of the fruit, differs very little from the leaves in colour, which is a darkish green. It resembles a caper in figure, but somewhat larger,

and composed of four petals. It is far from being beautiful, but this deficiency is abundantly supplied by its incomparable fragrancy. This tree is observed to be very parsimonious in its blossoms, producing only such as would ripen into fruits, did not the extravagant passion of the ladies for the excellence of the odour induce them to purchase the blossoms at any rate.—ULLOA'S *Voyage*, p. 298.

Note 52, page 171.

At the fort of Callao.

Being at length arrived at Lima, the viceroy proceeds, as it were incognito, to Callao, about two leagues and a half distant. In this place he is received and acknowledged by one of the ordinary alcaldes of Lima, appointed for that purpose, and also by the military officers. He is lodged in the viceroy's palace at that place, which, on this occasion, is stored with astonishing magnificence. The next day all the courts, secular and ecclesiastical, wait on him from Lima, and he receives them under a canopy, in the following order :—The audiencia, the chamber of accounts, the cathedral chapter, the magistracy, the consulado, the inquisition, the tribunal de Cruzada, the superiors of the religious orders, the colleges, and other persons of eminence. On this day the

judges attend the viceroy to an entertainment, given by the alcalde; and all persons of note take a pride in doing the like to his attendants.—Ulloa's *Voyage*, vol. ii. p. 48.

Note 53, page 173.

Accompanying him that evening to the theatre.

At Callao, at night, there is a play, to which the ladies and others are admitted veiled, and in their usual dress, to see the new viceroy.—Ulloa's *Voyage*, vol. ii. p. 48.

Note 54, page 174.

Monastery of Mont-serrat.

See Ulloa's *Voyage to South America*, vol. ii. p. 49.

Note 55, page 175.

Two ordinary alcaldes.

The corporation of Lima consists of regidores or aldermen, an alferez real or sheriff, and two alcaldes or royal judges; all being noblemen of the first distinction in the city. These have the direction of the police, and the ordinary administration of justice. The alcaldes preside alternately every month; for by a particular privilege of this city, the jurisdiction of its corrigidor extends only to the Indians.—Ulloa's *Voyage*, vol. ii. p. 44.

Note 56, page 175.

His horse, a magnificent steed from Chili.

C'est du royaume de Chili que sont venus ces fameux chevaux et ces mules qui courent si bien. Tous ces animaux doivent leur origine aux premiers qu'on transporta d'Espagne en Amérique; mais il faut avouer qu'aujourd'hui ceux du Chili sont supérieurs, non-seulement à tous ceux des Indes, mais même à ceux d'Espagne. Il se peut bien que les premiers, qu'on apporta en Amérique, fussent coureurs, puisqu'on en voit encore beaucoup en Espagne qui le sont; mais je suis persuadé qu'on a eu plus de soin de conserver les races en Amérique que chez nous, et qu'on n'a point mêlé les coureurs avec les trotteurs, puisqu'ils sont infiniment plus parfaits, et que marchant à côté d'un autre cheval, ils ont l'ambition de ne vouloir jamais être devancés, et galopent d'une telle vitesse, que le cavalier ne sent pas la moindre agitation..... Les plus beaux sont envoyés à Lima, pour les personnes les plus distinguées de cette ville.—*Voyage au Pérou*, par DON GEORGE JUAN, liv. ii. chap. v. p. 41.

Note 57, page 200.

And little feet adorned with diamonds.

One particular on which the women here ex-

tremely value themselves, is the size of their feet, —a small foot being esteemed one of the chief beauties; and this is the principal fault they generally find with the Spanish ladies, who have much larger feet than those of Lima. From their infancy they are accustomed to wear straight shoes, that their feet may not be suffered to grow beyond the size they esteem beautiful; some of them do not exceed five inches and a half, or six inches in length, and in women of a small stature they are still less. Their shoes have little or no sole, one piece of cordovan serving both for that and the upper leather, and of an equal breadth and roundness at the toe and heel, so as to form a sort of long figure of eight; but the foot not complying with this figure, brings it to a greater regularity. These shoes are always fastened with diamond buckles, or something very brilliant, in proportion to the ability of the wearer, being worn less perhaps for use than ornament; for the shoes are made in such a manner that they never loosen of themselves, nor do the buckles hinder their being taken off. It is unusual to set these buckles with pearls; a particular to be accounted for, only from their being so lavish of them, in the other ornaments of dress, as to consider them as of too little value.—Ulloa's *Voyage*, vol. ii. p. 60.

END OF VOLUME I.